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AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

WITH INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY

BY

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Second Edition (Revised and Enlarged)



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PREFACE.

THE Editors of this Anthology have in the first place endeavoured to make the book thoroughly representative of all that is best in English verse (exclusive of drama), and to trace the development of our poetry down to the present time. Lyrical poetry naturally predominates. But due attention has also been paid to other branches; examples will be found of the blank verse of Milton and of the Satires of Pope and Dryden, as well as of the songs of Shakespeare and Burns. The collection should serve as a useful companion to the study of such text-books as Wyatt and Low's *Intermediate Text-book of English Literature* and Mr. Wyatt's *Tutorial History of English Literature*.

An Introduction is prefixed to the selections in order to give the reader an elementary idea of the continuous development of English poetry.

Short critical biographies are provided of all the authors whose work is represented. The biographies should increase the reader's interest in the extracts by making the author something more to him than a shadowy personality, and should at the same time add to his knowledge of the history of English Literature and encourage a further study of the subject.

The glossary is something more than the conventional vocabulary of archaic and unusual words. It contains in addition a number of explanatory notes, which give such information with regard to literary, historical, and mytho-

logical allusions as is necessary to an intelligent reading of the text. The notes, however, while aiding the student to understand and appreciate the poetry, will not relieve him of the task of thinking for himself.

NOTE ON THE SECOND EDITION

The second edition has been considerably enlarged by adding to the selections from the chief authors and including extracts from a number of poets not represented in the former edition. With a view to showing the more recent developments of poetry some short passages have been added from the poetry of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Advantage has been taken of the provisions of Section 2, sub section iv, of the Copyright Act 1911 to include among these a few extracts from copyright works, viz —

Part of George Meredith's "Love in the Valley," from his *Poems*, published by Messrs Constable & Co

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INTRODUCTION.

For the beginnings of English poetry it is necessary to go back to a time antecedent to the settlement of the English in Britain. When our forefathers came to these islands some fourteen and a half centuries ago, they brought with them a large body of poetry which had grown up among them in their home on the Continent, and had been handed down orally from one generation to another. Most of this early poetry was, however, never committed to writing and has consequently been lost, but some of it undoubtedly was preserved and has come down to us among the great mass of Old English poetry which still survives. Thus English could boast of a poetry of its own at a time when no other nation of modern Europe had as yet a vernacular literature. Unhappily, however, the changes in the language during the last thousand years have been so great that English literature before the Norman Conquest is as much a sealed book to the Englishman of to-day as if it were written in a foreign tongue.

During the centuries succeeding the Norman Conquest literary activity, at least as far as the native language was concerned, became almost extinct in England, while great literatures grew up in France and Italy. It was not till the latter half of the fourteenth century that English again gained supremacy over its foreign rivals, by means of the writings of Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great master of English song. To Chaucer

English poetry owes a debt the extent of which cannot be overestimated. He actually did for our versification what Johnson wrongly claimed to have been done for English poetry by Dryden. "He found it brick and left it marble." But he wrote at a time when the language had not yet become fixed, and as a result it is impossible to appreciate the beauty and melody of his verse without a knowledge of the inflexions existing in his day.

Chaucer died in 1400, and in the course of the century after his death, poetry for various causes again ^{Wyatt and Surrey} fell into decay, till at the beginning of the sixteenth century the influence of the Renaissance made itself felt. Modern English poetry may be said to have commenced with the writings of Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey. In judging the work of these writers it is necessary to guard against what Matthew Arnold has called the fallacy arising from the historical estimate of the value of poetry. Much of the work of each undoubtedly possesses intrinsic merit of a high order, but on the whole Wyatt and Surrey are mainly important from the historical point of view. Wyatt was our first writer of sonnets and his example in this respect was followed by Surrey, who gave the sonnet that free form which afterwards came to be known as the English or Shakespearean. To Surrey we also owe the introduction of blank verse which he used in his translation of *Certain Books of the Aeneis*. Indeed it is not too much to say that these two men changed completely the style and spirit of English poetry freeing it for ever from the grossqueness of mediaevalism.

The seed sown by Wyatt and Surrey was slow in bearing fruit, and more than thirty years elapsed after ^{Elizabethan Poetry} the death of Surrey before a really great poet appeared. In 1579 Edmund Spenser published his *Shepherd's Calendar*, a series of pastorals which, by the novelty of the form the peculiarity of the diction, and the variety of the metres employed, at once won for its author the title of "the new poet". The appearance of this work may be considered definitely to mark the beginning of the great Elizabethan period, "the golden age of English

literature." In the forty-five years which followed the publication of the *Shepherd's Calendar* English literature placed itself on its loftiest pinnacle. It was an age not only of great achievement in literature, but also of enormous literary activity. The number of Elizabethan miscellanies and collections of songs bears witness to the quantity of verse-writers in those days; the beauty of much of the work testifies to their quality. The greatest work of the age in pure poetry is Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, the magnificent masterpiece of the Renaissance in England. Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, and Marlowe are among the chief of the lyrists, while many lesser authors of the time produced lyrics of singular beauty.

The Drama. But the special glory of the age is its drama. The English drama of the Elizabethan era is, with the possible exception of the Attic drama in its prime, the greatest which the world has known. At the beginning of the period our stage had to show, in addition to the old miracle and morality plays and interludes, a few tragedies and comedies constructed on Latin and Italian models; at the close of the period it could boast of the works of Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and a host of other dramatists too numerous to mention, but all possessing original genius, some touch of greatness. After the death of Shakespeare the drama declined rapidly, and the closing of the theatres which took place by order of Parliament in 1642 put an end to playwriting for nearly twenty years and made the continuous evolution of the drama impossible.

The decline just spoken of was not confined to drama; it affected poetry as a whole. During the reigns of James I. and Charles I. a school of poets arose who sought to make up for lack of imagination and absence of real feeling by novelty of expression, obscurity of language, and the use of remote analogies, elaborate conceits, strained similes, and fantastic images. The founder of this school, to which Johnson gave the name "metaphysical," was John Donne, and his chief followers were Crashaw, Cleveland, Herbert, and Cowley. But the characteristics of the school pervade all

the poetry of the time, being found even in the early work of Milton, and later disfiguring most of the poetry of Dryden published before 1670.

Lyric poetry was the only branch of the art which continued during the Jacobean and Caroline periods to maintain to some extent the great tradition of the Elizabethans, it was "the true poetic flame that still burnt clear and bright until it could be passed on to Dryden and his school". The lyric poetry of this time lacks the high seriousness, the deep feeling for nature, the simplicity and tenderness of the preceding age, but in the works of Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Herrick, and Herbert is to be found some really exquisite poetry songs which have become "familiar as household words".

Only one poet who lived during the half century which followed the accession of Charles I reached in his writings the real grandeur of the Elizabethans. This was John Milton, who in poetry as in most other things held aloof from the majority of his fellow countrymen during the greater part of his life. The splendid promise of his early poems remained unfulfilled for more than twenty years, throughout the troubled times of the Great Civil War and the years that followed it, but this promise was more than redeemed towards the close of his life in the gorgeous harmonies of *Paradise Lost*, and the cold grandeur and simplicity of *Samson Agonistes*. With the last works of Milton the Elizabethan tradition finally disappeared.

Among the poets of the Caroline period were two who, like Milton, rejected the extravagance of the 'metaphysical' school, but, unlike him, sought a remedy for the evil. This remedy they found in what has been called 'the reform of our numbers'. The poets and critics of the latter part of the seventeenth century and the greater part of the eighteenth century were never tired of doing honour to Waller and Denham, whom they regarded as the real founders of English poetry, but whom later criticism has recognised as merely the founders of the so-called classical school.

The nature of their reforms and the distinguished position which was once accorded to them may be easily seen from one or two quotations. "Rime," says Dryden, "has all the advantages of prose besides its own. But the excellence and dignity of it were never fully known till Mr. Waller first taught it; he first made writing easily an art; first showed us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs [couplets], which in the verse of those before him runs on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it." Again the same critic says, "This sweetness of Mr. Waller's lyric poesy was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham in his *Cooper's Hill*, a poem which for the majesty of the style is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing." Again we find Waller described as "the parent of English verse, and the first that showed us our tongue had numbers and beauty in it," while Johnson does not hesitate to call Denham "one of the fathers of English poetry." Praise like this is of course grossly exaggerated, but that Waller and Denham rendered real and important services to the form of English verse cannot be denied, and is obvious from a comparison of their versification with, for instance, that of Ben Jonson in his famous lines "To the Memory of my beloved Master William Shakespeare" (see p. 50).

The reform begun by Waller and Denham before the Restoration was carried on after it by Dryden ^{The Classical School.} and later perfected by Pope, and the classical school dominated English poetry from the Restoration almost to the close of the eighteenth century. In the hands of these writers poetry lost the imaginative qualities which had characterised the work of the Elizabethan age. Lyric poetry worthy of the name almost ceased to exist, while didactic and satiric poetry increased largely in importance. In both these branches of the poetic art Dryden and Pope admit of no superior. Their work, however, excellent as it is in its own kind, does not entitle them to a place in the highest class of poets: it is witty and polished, sparkling with brilliant sayings and full of skilful reasoning, but it is destitute of

imagination, has no depth of feeling, and fails to touch the human heart, it is the poetry of the intellect, not of the soul.

Notwithstanding the predominance of the classical school, a movement hostile to it was going on during the greater part of the eighteenth century. This movement, which subsequently became known as the "romantic reaction," was inaugurated by James Thomson, who in 1726 published *Winter*, the first part of his great poem *The Seasons*. In this poem Thomson deliberately rejected the heroic couplet, the use of which had become almost universal, and reverted to blank verse. At the same time he introduced into English literature a new species of poetry, that which had external nature for its subject. The movement inaugurated by Thomson, however, progressed slowly. In 1747 William Collins revived the almost lost art of lyric poetry by the publication of his *Odes*, while in 1751 Gray gave new life to the elegy. On the other hand the poetry of Johnson and later that of Goldsmith belong essentially to the school of Pope, though Goldsmith possesses a feeling for nature and a tenderness of sentiment unknown to his master.

Towards the close of the century the movement against classicism received a powerful impulse from the work of Burns, Cowper, Crabbe, and Blake. Burns introduced into lyric poetry the element of passion, which he depicts with such intensity as to make his love songs the greatest in the language. Cowper following in the steps of Thomson and anticipating Wordsworth taught in his poetry that Nature was a book given by God to man to be studied with the help of worship and faith. In him we find linked joy in natural objects and the sense of the brotherhood of mankind. At the same time Crabbe, notwithstanding his clumsy style and shabby verse, illustrates, by his realistic and truthful descriptions of rural life another characteristic of the movement. In the exquisite lyric poetry of William Blake appear a simplicity and melody recalling the best work of the Elizabethans. Thus towards the close of the eighteenth century classical poetry

slowly died out, and the victory of the counter-movement was finally assured. The year 1798, in which Wordsworth and Coleridge published *Lyrical Ballads*, is usually taken to mark the beginning of the new era.

Difference between the Classical and Romantic Schools. The first thirty years of the nineteenth century are generally described as our second romantic period, the first romantic period having been the Elizabethan age. As has been already shown,

classical and romantic poetry differ fundamentally in versification; they differ also in diction and subject-matter, and it is in these two last-named respects that the main contrast between the classicism of the eighteenth century and the romanticism of the early nineteenth lies. Briefly the characteristics of the two schools may be stated as follows: the classical school attached most importance to the qualities of order, harmony, restraint, common-sense, while on the other hand the romantic school prized most highly those of variety, contrast, liberty, imagination.

Romantic Reaction. The poetry of the early nineteenth century surpasses in variety and magnificence that of every other period of English literary history with the exception of the Elizabethan, while in some respects it can challenge favourable comparison even with the age of Shakespeare. At no other period, again excepting the Elizabethan, were there so many great poets flourishing at the same time. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats represent the first class, Scott, Landor, Campbell, Moore, Southey, and Leigh Hunt the second. Of these Wordsworth stands out as the chief apostle of that feature of the romantic movement often spoken of as the "Return to Nature," while among his most important services to poetry were the attempt to reform its diction and the revival of the sonnet. Coleridge takes his place among our foremost poets by virtue of the bewitching music, the enchanting melody of his verse. In Byron we have the English poet who, after Shakespeare, has acquired the highest reputation on the Continent. Shelley is generally recognised as the greatest of our lyric poets; in pure poetry he has no equal unless it

be Spenser. To him indeed we can apply the words which he himself used of Keats:

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

Keats, to whose memory Shelley dedicated one of the noblest elegies in the English language, tries to express in his poetry "the principle of beauty in all things." In his own words:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

The extremes to which the classical school had gone during its long period of supremacy had rendered inevitable as great extremes in the reaction. These extremes are to be found in the work of most of the romantic writers, but the sway of the romantic school was not prolonged, and hence in the Victorian era we find a new kind of poetry in which are blended the order and harmony of the classical school and the variety and imagination of the romantic. The founder of this new school of poetry was Tennyson, to whom and to Browning contemporary criticism has assigned the highest rank among Victorian poets. What place posterity will give them is impossible to foretell, but it is at least sure to be a high one.

The growth of new ideals about the middle of the last century left its impress on all branches of literature and on none more than on poetry. Among the writers whose work shows the influence of these ideals may be mentioned, in addition to Tennyson and Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti, the greatest of our poetesses. In their work the spirit of the time is fully expressed with great intellectual power and poetic imagination. Other writers whose works illustrate the ideals of the second half of the nineteenth century are the so called Pre Raphaelite poets, of whom Dante Gabriel Rossetti is the best representative while a high place is also due to William Morris who took Chaucer as his master in poetry and is anything but the "idle singer of

an empty day." Later come Swinburne, who will probably live rather by his wonderful command over rich and elaborate metrical harmonies than by his revolutionary temper and pagan worship of passion; and Meredith, representing the purely intellectual spirit in poetry—though the stanzas here given reveal him as a singer of young love, almost Elizabethan in freshness and fire.

Lyric verse flourished at this time, and there are many writers who, though they cannot be called great, have left isolated poems of rare distinction. Fitzgerald expresses the creed of materialism, while the pessimism prevailing at the close of the century is reflected in James Thomson's sombre *City of Dreadful Night*.

In these few pages an attempt has been made briefly to trace the development and vicissitudes of English poetry. It is hoped that this short review will to some extent help the reader for whom the book is intended to arrive at a correct estimate of the value and relative importance of the poetry contained in it.

ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE.

WYATT.

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542), after being educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, was early introduced to the English Court. He was employed by Henry VIII. on diplomatic missions, in the course of which he visited France, Spain, and the Low Countries. He is also said to have visited Italy.¹ Wyatt rendered considerable service to English literature by the introduction of the sonnet, the heroic quatrain, and other measures, and he is also important as a satirist. Many of his poems were published after his death in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557).

THE LOVER ABUSED RENOUNCETH LOVE.

My love to scorn, my service to retain,
Therein, methought, you used cruelty :
Since with good will I lost my liberty,
To follow her which causeth all my pain.
Might never woe yet cause me to refrain ; 5
But only this, which is extremity,
To give me nought, alas, nor to agree
That, as I was, your man I might remain ;
But since that thus ye list to order me,
That would have been your servant true and fast, 10

¹ The *Dictionary of National Biography* says he accompanied Sir John Russell, ambassador to the Papal Court, 1527.

Displease you not, my doting time is past,
And with my loss to leave I must agree
For as there is a certain time to rage,
So is there time such madness to assuage

THE LOVER RECOUNTETH THE VARIABLE FANCY OF
HIS FICKLE MISTRESS

Is it possible?
That so high debate,
So sharp, so sore, and of such rate,
Should end so soon, and was begun so late
Is it possible?

Is it possible?
So cruel intent,
So hasty heat, and so soon spent,
From love to hate, and thence for to relent
Is it possible?

Is it possible?
That any may find,
Within one heart so diverse mind,
To change or turn as weather and wind
Is it possible?

Is it possible
To spy it in an eye,
That turns as oft as chance or die,
The truth whereof can any try
Is it possible?

It is possible,
For to turn so oft,
To bring that low'st that was most aloft,
And to fall highest, yet to light soft
It is possible!

All is possible!
Whoso list believe,
Trust therefore first and after prove,
As men wed ladies by licence and leave
All is possible!

SURREY.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and grandson of the victor of Flodden, was born between 1516 and 1518, the exact date being doubtful. He was a conspicuous figure at the Court during the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign and in 1547 was executed on a charge of high treason. Surrey was the first English poet to write in blank verse, a measure which he used in his translation of *Certain Book of the Seven*. He was also the first to use the form of the sonnet afterwards employed by Shakespeare.

OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest :
 Whose heavenly gifts encreased by disdain ;
 And virtue sank the deeper in his breast :
 Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head where wisdom mysteries did frame ;
 Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,
 As on a stithe, where that some work of fame
 Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern and mild ; where both did grow
 Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice :
 Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,
 To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme ;
 That rest Chaucer the glory of his wit ;
 A mark, the which (unperfected for time)
 Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king,
 Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
 Each noble heart : a worthy guide to bring
 Our English youth by travail unto fame.

5

10

15

20

An eye whose judgment none affect could blind,
 Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile,
 Whose piercing look did represent a mind
 With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile

A heart where dread was never so imprest 25
 To hide the thought that might the truth advance,
 In neither fortune loft, nor yet represt,
 To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance

A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met
 Happy, alas' too happy, but for foes, 30
 Lived, and ran the race that nature set,
 Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
 Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
 Witness of faith that never shall be dead, 35
 Sent for our health, but not received so

Thus for our guilt this jewel have we lost,
 The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost

SACKVILLE

THOMAS SACKVILLE (1536-1608) was educated at both Universities and entered Parliament in 1558. He was created Lord Buckhurst in 1567 and Earl of Dorset in 1604. His fame as a poet rests upon the *Induction* and the *Complaynt of Buckingham* in the second edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates* (1563). In conjunction with Thomas Norton, Sackville wrote the blank verse tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex*, better known as *Gorbodur*, which was acted in 1562 before Queen Elizabeth, and has the distinction of being the earliest tragedy in the English language.

From "THE INDUCTION."

Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
 The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
 Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
 The wide waste places, and the hugy plain,
 The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,

5

The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan ;
 Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here pul'd the babes, and here the maids unwed
 With folded hands their sorry chance bewail'd,
 Here wept the guiltless slain and lovers dead,
 That slew themselves when nothing else avail'd ;
 A thousand sorts of sorrows here that wail'd
 10 With sighs, and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfear,
 That, oh, alas, it was a hell to hear.

We staid us straight, and with a rueful fear,
 Beheld this heavy sight ; while from mine eyes
 The vapour'd tears down stilled here and there,
 And Sorrow eke, in far more woeful wise,
 Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies

15

Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
 'Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

" Lo here," quoth Sorrow, " princes of renown,
 That whilom sat on top of fortune's wheel,
 Now laid full low, like wretches whirled down,
 Ev'n with one frown, that stay'd but with a smile :
 And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,

25

 Saw only in thought; and, what thou now shalt hear,
 Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer."

BALLADS

Ballads or folk songs, were originally composed in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by wandering minstrels who gained their bread by singing from door to door. Many of these songs perished, some were printed on rough broad sheets, or passed down by oral tradition, and worked over by a later hand.

There are many varieties, but the majority fall into one or other of three groups. Border ballads, that tell of foray and warfare between Scot and Southerner, English ballads that sing of Robin Hood, and private ballads, which commemorate some striking legend or tale of passion.

These lyrics are not to be regarded as inferior, because anonymous. Some are rough and plain but others are masterpieces of art in miniature—wild, simple and dramatic.

From "THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE"

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great myght,
Like lyons wood they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele,
Until the blood like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did fester

"Yeeld thee, Lord Percy," Douglas sayd,
"In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king

"Thy ransome I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
That ever I did see"

5

10

15

"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
 "Thy proffer I doe scorne;
 I will not yeelde to any Scott,
 That ever yett was borne."

20

With that, there came an arrow keene
 Out of an English bow,
 Which strucke Erle Douglas to the heart,
 A deepe and deadlye blow;

Who never spake more words than these,
 "Fight on, my merry men all;
 For why, my life is at an end:
 Lord Percy sees my fall."

25

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
 The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Erle Douglas, for thy life
 Wold I had lost my land!

30

"O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake;
 For sure, a more renowned knight
 Mischance could never take."

35

FAIR HELEN.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
 Night and day on me she cries;
 O that I were where Helen lies
 On fair Kirconnell lea!

40

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
 When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!
 I laid her down wi' meikle care
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

45

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea,

50

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me

55

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die

60

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea

65

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea

70

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me

75

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alone
I heard twa corbies making a mane,
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where shall we gang and dine today?"

80

“ In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain Knight ;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

“ His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady’s ta’en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

“ Ye’ll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I’ll pick out his bonnie blue een :
Wi’ ae lock o’ his gowden hair
We’ll theek our nest when it grows bare.

“ Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane soll ken where he is gane ;
O’er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind soll blaw for evermair.”

SPENSER

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London in the year 1552, and passed from the Merchant Taylors' School to Cambridge. In 1579 he published his first work of importance, the *Shepherd's Calendar*, a series of twelve pastoral eclogues. In 1590 Spenser went to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Grey, and spent the remainder of his life there in various official positions. The first three books of the *Faery Queen* were published in 1590, the last three in 1595, each book deals with some great virtue and its opposing vices in allegorical fashion. Besides these two works Spenser wrote other minor poems, chiefly amatory and satirical. He died in London in 1599, his death having been hastened by privations endured in 1598, when his castle in Ireland was burnt by the rebels. Richness in imagination, melodiousness in versification, archaism in language are the essential features of his poetry.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR APRIL

AELOGIA QUARTA ARGUMENT

This Aeglogue is purposly intende l to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Eliabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardeſ the which Hobbinoll, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaynynge him of that boyes great misadventure in Love, whereby his mynd was alienate and withdrawn not onely from him, who moſte loved him, but also from all former delights and studies as well in pleauent piping, as conning ryming, singing, and other his lawable exercyſeſ. Wherby he taketh occasion for prooſe of his more excellencie and ſkill in poetricie, to recorde a ſonge, which the ſayd Colin ſometime made in honor of her Majestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elym.

THE NOT—HOBBINOLL.

Thenot

Tell me, good Hobbinell, what garres thee greetē?

What? hath ſome wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?

Or is thy Bagyppe broke, that ſoundes ſo sweete?

Or art thou of thy loved laſſe forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
 Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne ?
 Like April shoure so stremes the trickling teares
 Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thirstye Payne.

Hobbinoll.

Not thys, not that, so much doth make me mourne,
 But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare, 10
 Nowe loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne :
 He, plongd in Payne, his tressed locks doth teare.

Shepheards delights he doth them all forsweare ;
 Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made us meriment,
 He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare 15
 His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde you so lament ?
 Ys love such pinching Payne to them that prove ?
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,
 Yet hath so little skill to bridle love ? 20

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye ;
 Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte :
 Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
 Forcing with giftes to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynde is starte, 25
 And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne ;
 So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
 So now hys frend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
 I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
 The whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,
 And we close shrowded in this shade alone. 30

Hobbinoll

Contented I then, wil I siege his laye
 Of fayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardeſ all,
 Which once he made as by a ſpring he laye,
 And tuned it unto the waters fall

35

" Ye daynty Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke
 Doe bathe your brest,
 Forsake your watrie bowres, and hether looke,
 At my request
 And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
 Whence floweth Helleon, the learned Well,
 Helpe me to blaze
 Her worthy praise,
 Which in her ſexe doth all excell

40

45

" Of fayre Ehsa be your ſilver ſong,
 That blessed wight,
 The flowre of Virgins may ſhee florish long
 In princely plught!
 For ſhee is Syrinx daughter without ſpotte,
 Which Pan, the ſhepheardeſ God, of her begot
 So ſprong her grace
 Of heavenly race,
 No mortall blemiſhe may her blotte

50

" See, where ſhe ſits upon the grassie greene,
 (O ſeemely ſight!)
 Yclad in Scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
 And Ermines white
 Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
 With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set
 Bay leaves betweene,
 And primroſes greene,
 Embellish the sweete Violet

55

60

" Tell me, have ye ſeen her angelick face,
 Like Phoebe fayre?
 Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
 Can you well compare?

65

The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere :

Her modest eye,

Her Majestie,

70

Where have you seene the like but there ?

" I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hedde,
Upon her to gaze.

But, when he sawe how broade her beames did spredde, 75
It did him amaze.

He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,

Ne durst againe his fyrye face out shewe :

Let him, if he dare,

His brightnesse compare

80

With hers, to have the overthowre.

" Shewe thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,
And be not abasht :

When she the beames of her beauty displayes,
O, how art thou dasht !

85

But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
Such follie great sorrow to Niobe did breede :

Now she is a stone,

And makes dayly mone,

Warning all other to take heede.

90

" Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a Bellibone :

And Syrinx rejoysse that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.

95

Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb :

She is my Goddesse plaine,

And I her shepherds swayne,

Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

" I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines ;

100

And after her the other Muses trace,
With their Violines.

Bene they not by Braunches which they do bear,
All for Elsa in her hand to weare?

105

So sweethe they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare

'Lo' how finely the Graces can it foote
To the Instrument

110

They dauncen deffly, and singen soote
In their merriment.

Wants not a fourth Grace to make the daunce even?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven

115

She shal be a Grace

To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven

" And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe'

120

They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
That unto her goe

Chloris that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall

Olives bene for peace,

When warres doe surcease

125

Such for a Princesse, bene principall

" Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene.

Hye you there apace

Let none come there but that Virgins bene,

To adorne her grace

130

And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudeness doe not you disgrace

Binde your fillets faste,

And gird in your waste,

For more finenesse with a tawdrie lace

135

" Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres,
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies :

The prettie Pawnce,
And the Chevisaunce,

Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

" Now ryse up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royall aray ;

And now yee daintie Damsells may depart
Eche one her way.

I feare I have troubled your troupes to longe :
Let Dame Elisa thanke you for her song :

And if you come hether
When Damsines I gether,

I will part them all you among."

145

150

Thenot.

And was thilk same song of Colins owne making ?

Ah, foolish Boy ! that is with love yblent :

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For naught caren that bene so lewdly bent.

155

Hobbinoll.

Sicker I holde him for a greater fon,

That loves the thing he cannot purchase.

But let us homeward, for night draweth on,

And twinckling starres the daylight hence chase.

160

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem Virgo !

Hobbinolls Embleme.

O dea certe !

From "MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE"

Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous thought
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
 Anies good name for envie or despite

165

He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
 Ne will be carried with the common windes
 Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
 Ne after everie tattling fable flie,

170

But heares and sees the follies of the rest,
 And thereof gathers for himselfe the best

He will not creepe nor crouche with fained face,
 But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
 And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie,

But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,

175

As that same Apish crue is wont to doo
 For he disdaines himselfe t embrise theretoo

He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
 Two filthe blots in noble Gentry,

And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,

180

The canker worme of everie gentle brest,
 The which to banish with faire exercise

Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise

Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,

Now practising the proofe of warlike deedes,

185

Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,

Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare

At other times he castes to sew the chace

Of swift wilde beasts or runne on foote a race,

189

To enlarge his breath (large breath in armes most needfull)

Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,

Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,

And manly legs still passing too and fro,

Without a gowned beast him fast beside,

A vaine ensample of the Persian pride

195

Who after he had wonne th Assyrian foo,

Did ever after scorne on foote to gne

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
 Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
 Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight 200
 Of Musicks skill revives his toyled spright ;
 Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
 The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts ;
 Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
 His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes : 205
 Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light !
 With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
 Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall course,
 Of forreine lands, of people different, 210
 Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernment,
 Of dreadfull battailes of renowned Knights ;
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme : 215
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,
 To which he levels all his purposis,
 And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
 Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
 Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace, 220
 And in his liking to winne worthie place,
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,
 In whatso please employ his personage,
 That may be matter meete to gaine him praise :
 For he is fit to use in all assayes, 225
 Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
 Or else for wise and civill governaunce.
 For he is practiz'd well in policie,
 And thereto doth his courting most applie :
 To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange, 230
 To marke th' intent of Counsells, and the change
 Of states, and eke of private men somewhile,
 Supplanted by fine falsehood and faire guile ;
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
 T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit, 235
 Which through wise speaches and grave conference
 He daylie eekes, and brings to excellencie.

UNA AND THE LION

(From "The Faerie Queene")

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight,
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight,
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight.
 And layd her stole aside Her angels face,
 As the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shadie place,
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace

240

245

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping Lyon rushéd suddainly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood,
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devoured her tender corse
 But to the prey when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage asswagéd with remorse
 • And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse

250

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong.
 As he her wrongid innocence did weet
 O how can beautie maister the most strong
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pryme and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long
 Her hart 'gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizling tears did shed for pure affection

256

260

"The Lyon, lord of everie beast in field"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt in pittie of my sad estate.

265

But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her that him lovd, and ever most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood; 275
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmed, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood, 280
And to her snowy Palfrey got again,
To seek her strayéd Champion if she might attayne.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate 285
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard;
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandément, 290
And ever by her lookes conceivéd her intent.

A KNIGHT IN ARMOUR.

(*From "The Faerie Queene."*)

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined farre away, 295
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shynd, like twinkling stars, with stons most pretious
rare.

- And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous myghts,
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sightes
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slightes,
 Whose hults were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong
- 305
- His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse, and great terroure bred,
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spred
 His golden wings his dreadfull hideous hed
 Close couched on the bever, seem'd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
 That suddene horror to faint harts did show,
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low
- 310
- Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bunch of haires discolourd diversly,
 With sprinckled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake and seemd to daunce for jollity,
 Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintly,
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At every little breath that under heaven is blowne
- 315
- 320
- 325

From 'AMORETTI'

- One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves and washed it away
 Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray
 Vayne man sayd she, thou doest in vaine assay
 A mortall thing so to immortalize,
 For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
- 330

And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
 Not so, quod I; let baser things devize
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
 My verse your vertues rare shall éternize,
 And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.

335

Where, whenas death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.

341

SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born at Penshurst in 1554, educated at Shrewsbury and Oxford, and after a brief life as diplomatist and soldier died of a wound received at Zutphen in 1587. The romance of his life was his devotion to Penelope Devereux, for whom he wrote the *Astrophel and Stella* poems. He was also the author of *Arcadia*, a pastoral romance, and the *Apologie for Poetry*, an impassioned defence of that art which he had done so much to adorn.

From "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA."

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
 That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,
 Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her
 know,

Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,
 I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe; 5
 Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burn'd
 brain.

But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows; 10
 And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.
 Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;
 Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.

- It is most true that eyes are form'd to serve
 The inward light, and that the heavenly part
 Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerve.
 Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart
 It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
 An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
 And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
 Till that good god make church and churchmen starve
 True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
 Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
 Which elements with mortal mixture breed
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
 And should in soul up to our country move
 True, and most true—that I must Stella love
- With what sharp checks I in myself am shent,
 When into Reason's audit I do go,
 And by just counts myself a bankrupt know
 Of all those goods which heav'n to me hath lent,
 Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
 Which unto it by birthright I do owe,
 And which is worse, no good excuse can show,
 But that my wealth I have most idly spent!
 My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys,
 My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
 Which, for reward, spoil it with vain annoys
 I see, my course to lose myself doth tend,
 I see—and yet no greater sorrow take
 Than that I lose no more for Stella's sake
- Soul's joy, bend not those morning stars from me,
 Where Virtue is made strong by Beauty's might,
 Where Love is chastness, Pain doth learn delight,
 And Humbleness grows one with Majesty
 Whatever may ensue, O let me be
 Co partner of the riches of that sight,
 Let not mine eyes be blinded from that light,
 O look, O shine, O let me die, and see
 For though I oft myself of them bemoan
 That through my heart their beamy darts be gone.

Whose cureless wounds even now most freshly bleed,
 Yet since my death-wound is already got,
 Dear killer, spare not thy sweet-cruel shot :
 A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

55

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust ;
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

60

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
 To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be ;
 Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
 That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
 O take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide
 In this small course which birth draws out to death,
 And think how evil becometh him to slide,
 Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
 Then farewell, World ; thy uttermost I see :
 Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me !

65

70

PEELE.

GEORGE PEELE (? 1552-1597) was educated at Oxford, and afterwards became one of the group of University dramatists of whom Marlowe is the most famous. His chief plays are *The Arraignment of Paris*, *The Chronicle of Edward I.*, *The Old Wives' Tale*, and *David and Bethsabe*. Though he was one of the earliest dramatists to write in blank verse, Peele's influence on the development of the drama was very slight. His versification is smooth and harmonious, but lacking in vigour.

THE OLD AGE OF A WARRIOR.

His golden locks Time hath to silver turned—
 O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
 But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing !

Beauty, strength youth, are flowers but fading seen, 5
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
 A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are Old Age his alms 10
 But, though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
 'Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well, 15
 Cursed be souls that think her any wrong!'
 Goddess allow this aged man his right,
 To be your bedesman now that was your knight

LYLY.

JOHN LYLY was born in 1553 and studied at both Universities. His most famous work is *Euphues* a romance in two parts the first of which was published in 1579 under the title of *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*. The second part *Euphues and his England*, appeared in 1580. This book set a fashion in English prose for his contemporaries and added a new word to the language. Lyly was also the author of eight comedies with one exception written in prose, and containing some charming lyrics. He died in 1606.

APELLES' SONG

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses—Cupid paid
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows
 Loses them too then down he throws 5
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
 With these the crystal of his brow,

And then the dimple of his chin—
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes.—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love, has she done this to thee ?
 What shall, alas ! become of me ?

10

MARLOWE.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593) was born at Canterbury and educated at the King's School in that town and at Cambridge University. His first play was *Tamburlaine the Great*, and this was followed in rapid succession by *Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, *The Massacre of Paris*, and *Edward II*. His chief non-dramatic works are the lyric *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, and *Hero and Leander* (completed by Chapman). He was killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford.

Marlowe was unquestionably the greatest dramatist before Shakespeare, and his services to the English drama are well-nigh incalculable. He made blank verse the recognised instrument of tragedy.

From "FAUSTUS."

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?—
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—
 Her lips suck forth my soul : see where it flies !—
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again. 5
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd ;
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
 And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest ;

5

10

Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss
 O, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appear'd to hapless Scmele

15

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field
 And all the craggy mountains yield

20

There will we sit upon the rocks
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals

25

There will I make thee beds of roses
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle,

30

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw and ivy buds
 With coral clasps and amber studs
 And if these pleasures may thee move
 Come live with me and be my love

35

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepared each day for thee and me

40

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May-morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

45

From "TAMBURLAYNE."

Tam. Black is the beauty of the brightest day ;
 The golden ball of heaven's eternal fire,
 That danced with glory on the silver waves,
 Now wants the fuel that inflamed his beams ;
 And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace,
 He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
 Ready to darken earth with endless night.

50

Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
 Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory brows,
 And tempered every soul with lively heat,
 Now by the malice of the angry skies,

55

Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
 Draws in the comfort of her latest breath :
 All dazzled with the hellish mists of death,
 Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,

60

As sentinels to warn the immortal souls
 To entertain divine Zenocrate :

Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
 That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
 Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens

66

To entertain divine Zenocrate :
 The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
 Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
 Like tried silver run through Paradise

70

To entertain divine Zenocrate :

The cherubins and holy seraphins,
 That sing and play before the King of Kings,
 Use all their voices and their instruments
 To entertain divine Zenocrate ;

And, in this sweet and curious harmony,
 The god that tunes this music to our souls
 Holds out his hand in highest majesty
 To entertain divine Zenocrate.

75

WEBSTER

JOHN WEBSTER (*1580 1625) was perhaps the most tragic of the Jacobean dramatists who succeeded Shakespeare, though his tragedy often becomes too painful. Of his life nothing is known. His best plays were *Vittoria Corombona* (1612) and *The Duchess of Malfi* (1616).

DIRGE (FROM "THE DUCHESS OF MALFI")

Hark, now every thing is still
 The screech owl and the whistler shrill
 Call upon our dame aloud,
 And bid her quickly don her shroud !
 Much you hid of land and rent,
 Your length in clay 's now competent
 A long war disturbed your mind,
 Here your perfect peace is signed
 Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping ?
 Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
 Their life a general mist of error,
 Their death a hideous storm of terror
 Strew your hair with powders sweet,
 Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
 And (the foul fiend more to check)
 A crucifix let bless your neck ,
 'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day,
 End your groan and come away

5

10

15

DIRGE (FROM "VITTORIA COROMBONA")

Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unlamented men
 Call unto his funeral dole
 The ant, the field mouse, and the mole,

20

To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm, 25
 And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm :
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born in the year 1552, and early secured the favour of Queen Elizabeth. He was throughout his life a man of action, and saw much service in France and in Ireland. He was also keen in promoting colonisation in America, and to him was due the founding of Virginia in 1585. Raleigh was at the same time prominent in literary circles, the friend and patron of Spenser, and himself a writer of no mean order. During his imprisonment under James I. for alleged complicity in the Bye Plot of 1604, he wrote his *History of the World* (1614). In 1616 he was released to go on an expedition to Guiana, but on his return in 1618 he was executed nominally on the old charge, in reality as a sacrifice to Spanish resentment.

REPLY TO MARLOWE'S "THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE."

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold, 5
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
 And Philomel becometh dumb ;
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yields : 10
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns thy shoes thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten

15

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
 All those in me no means can move
 To come to thee and be thy love

20

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,
 Then those delights my mind might move
 To live with thee and be thy love

ANONYMOUS

A SWEET LULLABY

Come little babe, come silly soul,
 Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
 Born as I doubt to all our dole,
 And to thyself unhappy chief
 Sing lullaby and lap it warm,
 Poor soul that thinks no creature harm

5

Thou little think'st and less dost know
 The cause of this thy mother's moan,
 And want'st the wit to wail her woe,
 And I myself am all alone,
 Why dost thou weep, why dost thou wail,
 And know'st not yet what thou dost ail?

10

Come little wretch, ah silly heart,
 Mine only joy, what can I more?

If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore ;
 'Twas I, I say, against my will ;
 I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile ? oh, thy sweet face !
Would God himself he might thee see !
 No doubt thou soon wouldest purchase grace,
 I know right well, for thee and me.
 But come to mother, babe, and play ;
 For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
Yet mayst thou me to him commend ;
 If any ask thy mother's name,
 Tell how by love she purchased blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield ;
I know him of a noble mind ;
Although a lion in the field,
A lamb in town thou shalt him find ;
 Ask blessing, babe ! be not afraid ;
 His sugared words have me betrayed.

Then mayst thou joy, and be right glad
Although in woe I seem to moan ;
Thy father is no rascal lad,
A noble youth of blood and bone ;
 His glancing looks, if once he smile,
 Right honest women may beguile.

Come little boy and rock asleep ;
Sing lullaby and be thou still ;
I that can do nought else but weep
Will sit by thee and wail my fill ;
 God bless my babe, and lullaby
 From this thy father's quality !

DRAYTON

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born at Hartshull in Warwickshire in 1563. He began to write about 1591, and after a very industrious career as a poet died in 1631 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His chief works are *Mortimerados* or *The Barons' Wars*, *Polyolbion*, an historical and geographical description of England, *Ides*, a collection of sonnets, *Nymphidia*, and the famous *Ballad of Agincourt*.

A SONNET

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
 And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free,
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows, 5
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain
 Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
 When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies, 10
 When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And innocence is closing up his eyes,
 —Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

TO THE CAMBRO-BRITONS AND THEIR HAEP,
HIS BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France, 15
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry,
 But putting to the main,
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train, 20
 Landed King Harry

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marcheth tow'rs Agincourt 25
 In happy hour ;
 Skirmishing day by day,
 With those that stopp'd his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power. 30

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the king sending,
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile, 35
 Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
 Yet have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won,
 Have ever to the sun 45
 By fame been raised.

And for myself (quoth he),
 This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
 Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me. 50

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell,
 No less our skill is. 55

Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlikefeat
Lopp'd the French lilies

60

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led,
With the main, Henry sped,
Amongst his hench men
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were,
On the false Frenchmen !

65

70

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder,
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder

75

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces,
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses

80

85

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather,
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together

90

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

95

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

105

110

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

115

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby,
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

120

125

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry ;

130

O when shall English men,
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford on Avon in the year 1564, and first came to London about the year 1587. There he soon found employment at the theatres, first as an actor, then as a playwright. His pre-eminence among his contemporaries was soon established, and he quickly passed from his early task of refurbishing older plays to original composition. Shakespeare's dramatic development was continuous and clearly marked, so that his plays may be conveniently divided into four periods. The first (1589-94) includes *Lore's Labour's Lost*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II* and *III*, written largely under the influence of Marlowe and Lyly. The second (1595-1601), Shakespeare's golden prime of comedy, includes the *Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado*, *As You Like it*, 1 and 2 *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. The third (1601-1607), the period of tragic comedy and of the great tragedies, embraces *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Cordilanus*. The fourth and last period (1608-13) includes the "romances" of loss and reconciliation—*Peregrine*, *Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*.

In 1611 Shakespeare retired to Stratford, having amassed a considerable fortune. There he died on April 23, 1616.

To Shakespeare is assigned the honour of being the greatest of dramatic poets. This he owes to the universality of his genius, none can compare with him in breadth of imaginative sympathy, in depth of insight into the springs of human action, in power of embodying in an ideal form the operation of universal passions. "He was not of an age, but for all time."

A PERFECT HORSE

(From "Venus and Adonis")

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
 In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed,

So did this horse excel a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide: 10

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;

To bid the wind a base he now prepares, 15
 And whe'r he run or fly they know not whether ;

For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

DESCRIPTION OF A PAINTING.

(From "The Rape of Lucrece.")

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
 Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;

Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd. 25

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life ;
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife ; 30

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner,
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust : 35

Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces , 40
 In youth quicke bearing and dexterity ,
 And here and thero the painter interfaces
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ,
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble , 45
 That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble

In Ajax and Ulysses, O ! what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold ,
 The face of either cipher'd either's heart ,
 Their face their manners most expressly told 50
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ,
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand ,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight , 55
 Making such sober action with his hand ,
 That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white ,
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky 60

About him were a press of gaping faces ,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ,
 All jointly listening, but with several graces ,
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice ,
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice , 65
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind ,
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head ,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ,
 Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red ,
 Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear , 71
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear ,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words ,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords

For much imaginary work was there ;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
 Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself behind,
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :

A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

75

80

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy,
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ; 85
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,

That through their light joy seemed to appear,—
 Like bright things stain'd—a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran, 90
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
 With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and then
 Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
 They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks. 95

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

(From "As You Like It.")

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

100

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly
 Most friendship is feigning most loving mere folly
 Then heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly

105

Freeze freeze thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot
 Though thou the waters warp
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

110

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly
 Most friendship is feigning most loving mere folly
 Then heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly

115

WINTER

(From *Lover's Labour's Lost*)

When icicles hang by the wall
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
 And Tom bears logs into the hall
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul
 Then nightingly sings the staring owl
 Tu who
 Tu whit tu who—a merry note
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

120

When all aloud the wind doth blow
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw
 And birds sit brooding in the snow
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
 Then nightingly sings the staring owl
 Tu who
 Tu whit tu who—a merry note
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

125

130

DIRGE FROM "CYMBELINE."

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

135

Fear no more the frown o' the great,

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:

Care no more to clothe and eat;

To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

140

145

Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Fear not slander, censure rash;

Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

150

No exorciser harm thee!

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Nothing ill come near thee!

Quiet consummation have;

And renowned be thy grave!

155

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny

165

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy
Then sigh not so
But let them go
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny nonny

170

175

AERIEL'S SONG

(From *The Tempest* ")

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell

180

[*Burden* ding dong
Hark! now I hear them,—ding dong, bell

(From the Same)

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands
Curtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist

185

Foot it feately here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

189

Hark, hark !

[*Burden* : Bow, wow, dispersedly.
The watch-dogs bark :

[*Burden* : Bow, wow, dispersedly.
Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer.

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow

SONG.

(From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona.")

Who is Silvia ? what is she ?

That all our swains commend her ?

195

Holy, fair, and wise is she ;

The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?

For beauty lives with kindness :

200

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness ;

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling ;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling ;

To her let us garlands bring.

205

SONNET XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate :

210

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date :

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;

And every fair from fair sometime declines, 215
 By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd,
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st, 220
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee

Song

(From "Cymbeline")

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs 225
 On chalic'd flowers that lies,
 And winking Mary buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise 230
 Arise, arise!

(From "The Tempest")

Where the bee sucks, there suck I
 In a cowslip's bell I lie,
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly 235
 After summer merrily
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

(From "The Winter's Tale")

When daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh! the doxy, over the dale, 240
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year,
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ; 245
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
 With, heigh ! with, heigh ! the thrush and the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay. 250

SONNET XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride 255
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ; 260
 But, out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

SONNET LIV.

O ! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give ! 265
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly 270
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;

Die to themselves Sweet roses do not so , 275
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth

SONNET LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime , 280
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time
 When wasteful war shall overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory 286
 Gaint death and all oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom 290
 So till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes

SONNET LIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age ,
 When sometime lofty towers I see down raz'd, 295
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ,
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store ,
 When I have seen such interchange of state ,
 Or state itself confounded to decay ,
 Rum hath taught me thus to ruminate—
 That Time will come and take my love away
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose 306

SONNET LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. 310
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west ;
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire, 315
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long. 320

SONNET XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide :
 "Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
 If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed." 325
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair ;
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both, 330
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
 But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee. 335

SONNET CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark, 340
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come, 345
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved

BARNFIELD

RICHARD BARNFIELD was born at Norbury, Shropshire, in 1574, and was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. His first volume of poems, *The Affectionate Shepherd*, was published in 1594. Other volumes appeared in 1595 and 1598. The last contained two poems "If Music and sweet Poetry agree" and "As it fell upon a day," which being printed in the *Passionate Shepherd* (1599) were long attributed to Shakespeare. Barnfield is remarkable for the melody and sweetness of his verse.

TO HIS FRIEND MASTER R. L.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch 5
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense,
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
 As, passing all conceit, needs no defence

Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes ; 10
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign ;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON was born in 1573, and after his schooling at Westminster led a varied life as builder, soldier, and actor for some years, and during the same time became one of the most learned men of his age. His first play was *Every Man in His Humour* (1598), and in this as in his other comedies, such as *Volpone, or the Fox* (1605), *Epicene, or the Silent Woman* (1609), *The Alchemist* (1610), he dealt with the "humours" or eccentricities of men and women. His tragedies, *Sejanus* (1603) and *Catiline* (1611), were stiff and cumbrous. Besides these plays he wrote a number of masques in his capacity of Court poet, and was the author of some pungent prose criticism in his *Discoveries*.

Jonson was throughout his later life the centre of a devoted literary circle, and to be "sealed of the tribe of Ben" was the ambition of every young poet. Though he was always writing, his work did not bring him much pecuniary reward, and he died in poverty in 1637.

SONG FROM PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE.

It follows now you are to prove
 The subtlest maze of all, that's love,
 And if you stay too long,
 The fair will think you do them wrong.

Go choose among——but with a mind 5
 As gentle as the stroking wind
 Runs o'er the gentler flowers.
 And so let all your actions smile
 As if they meant not to beguile
 The ladies, but the hours.

Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
 And yet the beauty not go less
 For what is noble should be sweet,
 But not dissolv'd in wantonness

Will you that I give the law
 To all your sport, and sum it?
 It should be such should envy draw,
 But——overcome it

15

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTEE WILLIAM
 SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame,
 While I confess thy writings to be such,
 As neither man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage But these ways
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise,
 For silliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right,
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance,
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
 And think to run, where it seem'd to raise
 But thou art proof against them, and indeed,
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need

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I therefore will begin Soul of the age!
 The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
 My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further off, to make thee room
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give
 That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,
 I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses.
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,

And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names: but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.

45

50

55

He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.

60

65

70

Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion: and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned, and true filed lines:

75

80

In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance

85

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!

90

But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets and with rage,
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like
night,

95

And despairs day, but for thy volume's light

STILL TO BE NEAT

(From "*Epicæne*")

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace,
Robes loosely flowing hair as free
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art,
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart

100

105

SONG TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine

110

115

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not wither'd be,
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me:
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

120

*From "BEN JONSON'S ODE TO HIMSELF UPON THE
 CENSURE OF HIS 'NEW INN.'"*

Come, leave the loathèd stage,
 And the more loathsome age ;
 Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
 Usurp the chair of wit !

Indicting and arraigning every day
 Something they call a play.

Let their fastidious, vain
 Commission of the brain

Run on, and rage, sweat, censure and condemn ;
 They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Leave things so prostitute,
 And take the Alcaic lute,
 Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre ;
 Warm thee by Pindar's fire :
 And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold
 Ere years have made thee old,
 Strike that disdainful heat
 Throughout, to their defeat,
 As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
 May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
 The glories of thy king,
 His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men,
 May they, blood-shaken then,

125

130

135

140

145

Feel such a flesh quake to possess their powers

As they shall cry, "Like ours,

150

In sound of peace or wars,

No harp e'er hit the stars,

In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his wain'"

FLETCHER

JOHN FLETCHER was born in 1579 and was educated at Bene't (now Corpus) College, Cambridge, of which College his father was the head. Fletcher began to write for the stage about 1606, most of his dramatic work was done in collaboration with Francis Beaumont. They produced altogether some fifty plays, of these some of the more famous are *Philaster*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (probably by Beaumont alone), *A King and No King* and *The Maid's Tragedy*. The chief play of which Fletcher is sole author is *The Faithful Shepherdess*. The plays of these two dramatists contain a number of charming lyrics.

SONG FROM "THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN"

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,

But in their hue,

Maiden pinks, of odour faint,

Daisies smell less yet most quaint,

And sweet thyme true,

5

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
 Merry spring-time's harbinger,
 With hair-bells dim ;
 Oxlips in their cradles growing,
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
 Larks'-heels trim.

10

All dear Nature's children sweet,
 Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense !
 Not an angel of the air,
 Bird melodious or bird fair,
 Be absent hence !

15

MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly !
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy ;
 Oh, sweetest melancholy !

20

25

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sight that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up, without a sound !

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !

30

35

These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

BEAUMONT.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, already mentioned as the collaborator of Fletcher, was born in 1585 and died in 1616

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear!
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones,
 Here they lie had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands,
 Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
 They preach—"In greatness is no trust"
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royallest seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in,
 Since the first man died for sin!
 Here the bones of birth have cried—
 ' Though gods they were, as men they died "'
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropped from the ruin'd sides of kings
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate

5

10

15

DYER.

SIR EDWARD DYER (? 1550-1607) was born near Glastonbury and educated at Balliol College, Oxford. He was an intimate friend and companion of Sir Philip Sidney. After having been ambassador to Denmark in 1589 he was knighted in 1596. Few poems by him are now extant.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

[My mind to me a kingdom is,
 Such present joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind :
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.]

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to feed a loving eye ;
 To none of these I yield as thrall ;
 For why ? My mind doth serve for all.]

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soon do fall ;
 I see that those which are aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
 They get with toil, they keep with fear ;
 Such cares my mind could never bear.]

Content to live, this is my stay ;
 I see no more than may suffice ;
 I press to bear no haughty sway ;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies :
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.]

Some have too much yet still do crave,
I little have, and seek no more
They are but poor, though much they have.

And I am rich with little store,
They poor, I rich, they beg, I give,
They lack, I leave, they pine, I live

25

30

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's pain,
No worldly waves my mind can toss,
My state at one doth still remain,
I fear no foe I fawn no friend,
I loathe not life, nor dread my end

35

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will,
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloaked craft their store of skill
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind

40

My wealth is health and perfect ease
My conscience clear my chief defenco
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Would all did so as well as I'

45

DONNE

JONN DONNE (1573 1631) was brought up as a "Poman Catholic and after completing his education at Hart Hall Oxford ultimately became a member of the Church of England. Having failed to obtain preferment at Court Donne took Orders in 1615 at the suggestion of the King. He became famous as a preacher and was made Dean of St Paul's in 1621. His poems were collected after his death. Donne was the founder in Fngland of what has been called the metaphysical school of poets

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls, to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
 Now his breath goes, and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no noise, 5
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
 'T were profanation of our joys
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears, 10
 Men reckon what it did, and meant,
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
 Of absence, cause it doth remove 15
 The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refin'd,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss. 20

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so 25
 As stiff twin Compasses are two,
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam, 30
 It leans, and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect, as that comes home

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun

35

SONG GO AND CATCH A FALLING STAR

Go and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me where all past years are,
 Or who cleft the devil's foot,

40

Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind

Serves to advance an honest mind

45

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see,
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear,
 No where
 LIVES a woman true and fair

50

If thou find st one, let me know,
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
 Yet do not, I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet
 Though she were true when you met her,
 And last till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
 False, ere I come, to two or three

55

60

SRINIVASA VARADACHARI & CO
PRINTING WORKS,
BREAK OF DAY,
MOUNT ROAD

Stay, O sweet, and do not rise ;
The light that shines comes from thine eyes ; 65
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.

Stay, or else my joys will die
And perish in their infancy.

LOVERS' INFINITENESS.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all ; 70
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall ;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent ; 75
Yet no more can be due to me
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all. 80

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then ;
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears, 85
In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee.
And yet it was, thy gift being general ;
The ground, thy heart, is mine ; whatever shall 90
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

DRUMMOND

WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585-1649) was born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, and was educated at the High School and at the University of that city. He wrote a good deal of prose and some charming songs and sonnets, though his poetry was marred by its "metaphysical" tendencies. Drummond was the friend of Ben Jonson, who in 1618 paid him a famous visit at Hawthornden.

THE BAPTIST

The last and greatest herald of heaven's King,
 Girt with rough skins, hies to the desert wild,
 Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
 Which he than man more harmless found and mild
 His food was locusts, and what young doth spring, 5
 With honey that from virgin hives distill'd,
 Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
 Made him appear long since from earth exil'd
 There burst he forth "All ye, whose hopes rely
 On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn, 10
 Repent, repent, and from old errors turn"
 Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
 Only the echoes, which he made relent,
 Rung from their marble caves "Repent, repent"

CRASHAW.

RICHARD CRASHAW (? 1613-1650) in his University days fell under the influence of the Anglican High Churchmen, but entered the Roman Church during the Civil War, went to Rome, and was made a sub-canonical canon of Loreto just before his death. The far-fetched "conceits" of his style mark him as a metaphysical poet, yet his bursts of glowing ardour make him one of our greatest writers of mystical verse, as is shown by the wonderful *Flaming Heart*, an ode to Saint Theresa. Most of his religious poems appeared in a volume called *Steps to the Temple*, 1646.

From "THE FLAMING HEART."

"Live in these conquering leaves : live all the same ;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame ;
Live here, great heart ; and love, and die, and kill ;
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms. 5
Let mystic deaths wait on 't ; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary ! show here thy art,
Upon this carcase of a hard cold heart ;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combin'd against this breast at once break in,
And take away from me myself and sin ;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be 10
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires !
By all thy pow'r of lights and fires ;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day ; 15
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire ;
-

5

10

15

20

By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss
 That sayed thy parting soul, and seal'd thee his,
 By all the heavens thou hast in him,
 (Fair sister of the seraphim)
 By all of him we have in thee,
 Leave nothing of myself in me
 Let me so read thy life, that I
 Unto all life of mine may die "

25

30

From "A HYMN TO SAINT THERESA"

"Thou shalt look round about, and see
 Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
 Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows;
 The virgin births with which thy spouse
 Made fruitful thy fair soul, go now
 And with them all about thee, bow
 To Him 'Put on' (He'll say) 'put on,
 My rosy love that thy rich zone,
 Sparkling with the sacred flames
 Of thousand souls whose happy names
 Heaven heaps upon thy score, thy bright
 Life brought them first to kiss the light
 That kindled them to stars' And so
 Thou with the Lamb thy Lord shalt go,
 And whereso'er He sets His white
 Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,
 Which who in death would live to see
 Must learn in life to die like thee"

35

40

45

50

WISHERS FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS

Whoe'er she be,
 That not impossible She
 That shall command my heart and me,

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny:

55

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine :

—Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

60

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie :

65

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

70

Sydnaean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of night.

75

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers ;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

80

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow :

Life, that dries stand
 A challenge to his end,
 And when it comes, say, " Welcome, friend "

85

I wish her store
 Of worth may leave her poor
 Of wishes, and I wish—no more

—Now if Time I nows
 That Her whose radiant brows
 Weave them a garland of my vows,

90

Her that dries be
 What these lines wish to see
 I seek no further, it is She

95

Such worth as this is
 Shall fix my flying wishes,
 And determine them to kisses

Let her full glory,
 My fancies, fly before ye,
 Be ye my fictions —but her story

100

WITHER.

GEORGE WITHER, born in 1588, first appeared as a writer in his satire, *Abuse's Stript and Whipt* (1613). On the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Parliamentarian party. After the Restoration his career was somewhat chequered until his death in 1667. His chief works are a curious collection of *Emblems*, and the *Shepherd's Hunting*, a series of pastoral poems of didactic tendency.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

Sleep, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry?

Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
To hear me sing thy lullaby.

My pretty lamb, forbear to weep!
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

5

While thus thy lullaby I sing,

For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thy eldest Brother is a King,

And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;

10

Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends

By thy protector threatened are,

And God and angels are thy friends.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;

Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

15

In this thy frailty and thy need

He friends and helpers doth prepare;

Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,

For of thy weal they tender are.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;

Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

20

- The King of Kings, when he was born, 25
 Had not so much for outward ease,
 By Him such dressings were not worn.
 Nor such like swaddling clothes are these
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep,
 Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep 30
- Thy wants that He did then sustain
 Have purchased wealth my babe, for thee,
 And by his torments and his pain
 Thy rest and ease secur'd be
 My baby, then forbear to weep, 35
 Be still, my babe, sweet baby sleep
- Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
 A promise and an earnest got
 Of gaining everlasting bliss,
 Though thou my babe, perceiv'st it not 40
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep,
 Be still, my babe, sweet baby sleep

THE AUTHOR'S RESOLUTION IN A SONNET

- Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are? 45
 Be she fairer than the day
 Or the flowry meads in May,
 If she think not well of me
 What care I how fair she be? 50
- Shall my seely heart be pin'd
 Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder than 55
 Turtle dove or pelican
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love ?
 Or her well deservings known
 Make me quite forget mine own ?

Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may merit name of best :
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high
 Shall I play the fool and die ?
 She that bears a noble mind,
 If not outward helps she find,

Thinks what with them he would do,
 That without them dares her woo.
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair
 I will ne'er the more despair :
 If she love me (this believe)
 I will die ere she shall grieve.

If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go,
 For if she be not for me
 What care I for whom she be ?

BROWNE.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1588-1643?) was born at Tavistock, and after spending some time at Exeter College, Oxford, became a student at the Inner Temple. His chief works are *Britannia's Pastorals* (1614-1616) and the *Shepherd's Pipe* (1616). The lines printed below have long been attributed to Jonson, but are certainly by Browne.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 SIDNEY's sister, PEMBROKE's mother,
 Death! ere thou hast slain another,
 Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee

5

WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639) was educated at Winchester School and New College Oxford. After a busy life, during the course of which he was three times ambassador to Venice, he became, in 1624 Provost of Eton. As a poet he is famous for the two pieces "How happy is he born and taught" and "Ye meaneer beauties of the Night."

OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will,
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill,

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath,

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice, who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good,

5

10

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed ,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

15

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend :

20

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW was born in 1598 and died in 1639. In 1628 he was appointed a gentleman of the King's privy chamber, and a year or two later Sewer in Ordinary. His chief works are *Coelum Britannicum*, a masque (1633), and *Poems* (1640). Carew is entitled to a high place as a lyric poet, but does not seem to have been capable of sustained effort.

A SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose ;
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day ;
 For in pure love heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

5

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past,
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note

10

Ask me no more where those stars 'light,
 That downwards fall it dead of night,
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixed become, as in their sphere

15

Ask me no more if east or west
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest,
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies

20

HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK was born in 1591, and educated at Cambridge. After spending some time in London in the circle of Ben Jonson's friends, he was appointed in 1629 to a living in Devonshire. He was ejected thence by the Puritans in 1647, came to London in 1648 and there published his *Hesperides* and *Nolde Numbers*. At the Restoration he returned to his rectory and died in 1674. The *Hesperides* is a collection of short lyric poems dealing largely with pastoral and country themes, but showing also a full knowledge of town and Court life.

To DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon,
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even song,
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along

5

10

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.

We die

As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

15

20

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell ;
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weatherproof,
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry ;
 Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep.

25

Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state ;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by th' poor,
 Who thither come and freely get
 Good words or meat.

30

Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchen's small :
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipped, unflead ;
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire ;
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.

40

45

Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee,
 50
 The worts, the purslane, and the mess
 Of water cress,
 Which of thy kindness Thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet
 55
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink
 60
 Lord, 'tis thy plentie dropping hand
 That soils my land,
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one
 65
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day,
 Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year,
 The while the conduits of my line
 Run cream, for wine
 70
 All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me to this end,
 That I shoul' render, for my part
 A thankful heart,
 Which, fired with incense, I resign,
 As wholly thine,
 75
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

Ah, Ben!
 Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts
 Made at the Sun
 80
 The Dog, the Triple Tun?

Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben,
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus ;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

THE ARGUMENT TO HIS BOOK.

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers ; 100
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of Youth, of Love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness ;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris ; 105
I sing of times trans-shifting ; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white ;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.
I write of Hell ; I sing and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good Morrow to the day so fair;
Good morning, sir, to you;
Good Morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew. 115

Good morning to this primrose too,
 Good Morrow to each maid
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
 Wherein my love is laid

12c

Ah¹ woe is me, woe, woe is me,
 Alack, and well i day!
 For pity, sir, find out that bee
 Which bore my love away

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
 I'll seek him in your eyes,
 Nay now I think they've made his grave
 In th' bed of strawberries

I'll seek him there, I know, ere this
 The cold cold earth doth shake him,
 But I will go or send a kiss
 By you sir to awake him

Pray hurt him not, though he be dead,
 He knows well who do love him
 And who with green turfs rear his head
 And who do rudely move him

He's soft and tender pray take heed
 With bonds of cowslips bind him
 And bring him home but tis decreed,
 That I shall never find him

13-

140

TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be
 Or bid me love and I will give
 A loving heart to thee

A heart as soft a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free
 As in the whole world thou canst fin',
 That heart I'll give to thee

145

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
 To honour thy decree,
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't will do so for thee.

150

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see :
 And having none, yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

155

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree :
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death, to die for thee.

160

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me ;
 And hast command of every part,
 To live and die for thee.

TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old time is still a-flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

165

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 The nearer he's to setting.

170

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

175

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry ;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

180

HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT was born in 1593, and after some years spent between Cambridge and the Court, took orders in 1620. In 1630 he was inducted into the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, but died of consumption in 1632. Herbert was one of the most spiritual of Anglican divines, and in the volume of poems known as *The Temple* he shows great strength of poetic conception in rendering the spiritual aspects of human nature.

THROW AWAY THY ROD

Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath,
O my God,
Take the gentle path

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent,
I aspire
To a full consent

Though I fail, I weep,
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the Throne of grace

Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed,
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed

Throw away Thy rod
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God,
Throw away Thy wrath

5

10

15

20

THE PULLEY.

When God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,
 "Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can;
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span."

25

So strength first made a way,
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

30

"For if I should," said He,
 "Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts in stead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

35

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness;
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast."

40

DEMEANOR IN CHURCH.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
 Yet public hath more promises, more love.
 And love is a weight to hearts; to eyes, a sign.

We all are but cold suitors, let us move
 Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
 Pray with the most; for, where most pray, is heaven.

45

When once thy feet enter the church, be bare.

God is more there than thou: for thou art there
 Only by his permission. Then beware;

And make thyself all reverence and fear.

50

Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings. Quit thy state:
 All equal aie within the church's gate.

Pesort to sermons, but to prayers most

Praying is the end of preaching, Oh be drest
Stay not for the other pur Why thou hast lost ,,

A joy for it worth worlds Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes lein, fast but the soul loose about thee

In time of service seal up both thine eyes

And send them to thy heart that spring sin 60
They may weep out the stains I v them did now

Those doors being shut all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church time others symmetry
Makes all their beauty his deformity

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part 6,

Bring not thy plow thy plots thy pleasures thither
Christ purged his Temple so must thou thy heart

All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee Look to thy actions well
For churches either are heaven or hell 70

Judge not the preacher f r he is thy judge

If thou mislike him thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preachin, folly Do not grudge

To pick out treasures from an earthen pot
The worst speak somethin, good If all want sense, 72
God takes a text and preacheth patience

He that gets patience an l the blessings which

Preachers couche le with hath not lost his pams
He that by bein, at church escapes the ditch

Which he mi_lit fall in by companions gains 80
He that loves God s alwode an l to combine
With saints on earth shall with them one day shine

Jest not at preachers language or expression

How know st thou I ut thy sins ma le him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults an l his into confes. ion. 82

God sent him whatsoe er he be Oh tarry
And love him for his Master! His condition
Though it be ill makes him no ill physician

SHIRLEY.

JAMES SHIRLEY was born in London about 1596 and died in 1667. He began to write about 1625, and proved a prolific dramatist, producing both tragedies and comedies. His best known play is *The Traitor*; others are *The Maid's Rerenge*, *The Cardinal*, *The Gumester*, *The Ball*. Shirley is usually considered the last of the Elizabethan dramatists. His genius was by no means original. His plays, though not masterpieces, are of no mean order of merit. Like all the Elizabethans, he had considerable lyrical facility.

THE POWER OF DEATH.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still :

Early or late,
They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor-victim bleeds :

Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

5

10

15

20

WALLER

FONUSD WALLER (1605-1687) was a nephew of the illustrious John Hampden. He entered Parliament at an early age, probably before he was eighteen, and was on the side of the King in the Civil War. In 1643 he got into trouble with the Parliament through complicity in a Royalist plot, and narrowly escaped with his life. After the Restoration he was again returned to Parliament and was made Provost of Eton. Waller was regarded by his successors as the first English poet to write heroic couplets on the classic model, that is, with the sense concluded with the distich.

From "THE DANGER HIS MAJESTY ESCAPED AT ST ANDREWS"

While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves and conquests of our Albion Kings,
Of the Fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful and young,
He rent the crown from vanquished Henry's head, 5
Raised the White Rose, and trampled on the Red,
Till love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquered side,
Neglected Warwick (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state) 10
Woos for his master, and with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,
The Lady Bona, whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns
Ah! spare your swords where beauty is to blame, 15
Love gave the affront, and must repair the same,
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize,
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our state 20

Her finger was so small the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring

It was too wide a peck

And to say 'ruth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)

About our young colt's neck

10

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,

As if they feared the light

But O she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day

Is half so fine a sight

15

Her cheeks so rare a white was on
No daisy makes comparison

(Who sees them is undone)

For streaks of red were mingled there
Such as are on a Catherine pear
The side that's next the sun

20

Her lips were red and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin

(Some bee had stung it newly)

But Deil her eyes so guard her face
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July

25

30

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART

I prithee send me back my heart

Since I cannot have thine

For if from yours you will not part

Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on t--let it be!

To find it were in vain

For thou art a thief in either eye

Would steal it back again

35

LOVELACE

RICHARD LOVELACE was another Cavalier poet. He was born in 1618 and died miserably in London in 1658, having suffered for his loyalty to the King. The volume of his poetry is small, but some of his lines have become "household words."

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfined wings,
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates,
 When I lie tangled in her hair,
 And fettered to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames,
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty

When, like committed hives, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my King,

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COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in 1618 and was educated at Cambridge. He was a devoted adherent of the royalist cause but being disappointed of reward at the Restoration he retired to his estate at Cherisey. *The Muse's* a collection of love poems is his chief work though marred by extravagances of thought and conception they show a genuine poetic spirit. His prose Essays, eleven in number, are models of good prose, and surprisingly modern in tone.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW

Poet and Saint¹ to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of earth and Heaven,
 The hard and rarest union which can be
 Next that of godhead with humanity
 Long did the muses banish d slaves abide, 5
 And built vain pyramids to mortal pride,
 Like Mo es thou (though spells and charms withstand)
 Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land
 Ah wretched we poets of earth! but thou
 Wert living the same poet which thou art now 10
 Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
 And joy in an applause so great as thine
 Equal society with them to hold
 Thou need st not make new songs but say the old
 And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice to see 15
 How little less than they exalted man may be
 Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell
 The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell
 Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land,
 Still idols here like calves at Bethel stand 20
 And though Pan's death long since all oracles broke
 Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke
 Nay with the worst of heathen dotage we
 (Vain men!) the monster woman daify,

Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What different faults corrupt our muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!

Thy spotless muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless godhead : she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employed should be
On a less subject than eternity ;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take
But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse to make
It (in a kind) her miracle did do ;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well, blest swan, did fate contrive thy death :
And make thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine
Where like some holy sacrifice t' expire
A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went,
For even in error sure no danger is
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief,
Ah that our greatest faults were in belief !
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith perhaps in some nice tenents might
Be wrong ; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
And I myself a Catholic will be.
So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.

Hail, bard triumphant ! and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below !
Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attacked by envy, and by ignorance.
Enchain'd by beauty, tortured by desires.
Expos'd by tyrant-love to savage beasts and fires.

Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise 65
And like Elijah mount alive the skies
Elisha like (but with a wish much less
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
To here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
So Iumble to esteem so good to love) 70
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be
I ask but I alſt thy mighty spirit for me
And when my muse soars with so strong a wing
Twill learn of things divine and first of thee to sing

OF MYSELF

This only grant me that my means may be
Too low for envy for contempt too high 75
Some honour I would have
Not from great deeds but good alone
The unknown are better than ill known
Rumour can ope the grave 80
Acquaintance I would have but when t depends
Not on the number but the choice of friends

Books should not business entertain the light
And sleep as und sturb'd as death the n ght
My house a cottage more 85
Than palace and should fitting be
For all my use not luxury
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand not arts and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field 90

Thus would I double my life's fading space
For he that runs it well twice runs his race
And in this true delight
These unbought sports this happy state
I would not fear nor wish my fate
But boldly say each night
To morrow let my sun his beams display
O in clouds hide them I have liv'd to day

MONTROSE.

JAMES GRAHAM, *Marquis of Montrose* (1612-1650), is more famous as a soldier than as a poet. He was the leader of the Scottish Royalists in the Great Civil War (1642-5), and in 1650 headed an unsuccessful attempt in Scotland on behalf of Charles II. He was captured and hanged in Edinburgh. As a writer he is best known by the verses printed below.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

My dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 Than purest monarchy ;
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thine heart,
 I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone :
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 That dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But, if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
 And constant of thy word,
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before ;
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

5

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DENHAM.

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-69) was a strong supporter of the royalist cause and suffered much on its behalf. His chief contribution to literature was the poem of *Cooper's Hill*, published in 1643 and famous for the four lines on the Thames, which are quoted at the end of the extract given below.

THE THAMES

(From "Cooper's Hill")

My eye descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays,
 Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons,
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea, 5
 Like mortal life to meet eternity
 Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom but survey his shore, 10
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spurious wing
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring,
 And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers who their infants overlay,
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave, 15
 Like profuse kings resumes the wealth he gave
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
 But god like his unwearied bounty flows,
 First loves to do then loves the good he does, 20
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free or common as the sea or wind,
 When he to boast or to disperse her stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers, 25
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours,

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange. 30
 O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme !
 Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing full !

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born in 1608, and educated at St. Paul's School and Christ's College, Cambridge. From 1633-8 he lived in retirement at Horton, where he wrote *L'Allegro*, *Il Pensoso*, *Comics*, and *Lycidas*. After making a tour through France and Italy, he returned to fight with his pen on behalf of the Parliamentarian cause. His chief pamphlet was the *Areopagitica*, "A plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing," while his *Sonnets*, written largely during the period from 1640-60, contain a record of his political aims and ideals. After the Restoration Milton was obliged to retire into privacy, and there devoted himself once more to poetry. He completed *Paradise Lost* in 1667, and its companion poem, *Paradise Regained*, in 1671. In the same year he published *Samson Agonistes*, a drama on the model of Greek tragedy. In his prose Milton can write passages unsurpassed for grandeur and power of language. In poetry we can best express the genius of Milton when we dilate upon the sublimity of his imagination.

From "PARADISE LOST."

(Book I., 31-124.)

The infernal Serpent ! he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers, 5

He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
 If he opposed, and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud, 10
 With vain attempt Him the Almighty Power
 Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantine chains and penal fire, 15
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms

Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquished rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded though immortal! But his doom 20
 Reserved him to more wrath, for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him Round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixed with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate, 25
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild,
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
 As one great furnace, flamed, yet from those flames
 No light but rather darkness visible 30
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow doleful shades where peace
 And rest can never dwell hope never comes
 That comes to all but torture without end
 Still urges and a fiery deluge, fed 35
 With ever burning sulphur unconsumed!
 Such place eternal Justice had prepared
 For those rebellious here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven, 40
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole
 Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall o'erwhelmed
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns and weltering by his side 45
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,

Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-enemy,
(And thence in Heaven called Satan) with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began : 50

“ If thou beest he—But oh how fallen ! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads though bright ! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope 55
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin ; into what pit thou seest,
From what height fallen ; so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder ! and till then who knew 60
The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change
(Though changed in outward lustre) that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit, 65
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed 70
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost,—
All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield, 75
And what is else not to be overcome ;—
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late 80
Doubted his empire ;—that were low indeed !
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall ! since by fate the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance cannot fail ;
Since, through experience of this great event, 85
(In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,) ”

We may, with more successful hope, resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcileable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven”

90

(Book I, 522 609)

All these and more came flocking, but with looks
 Downcast and dim, yet such wherem appeared
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 95
 In loss itself, which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue, but he, his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears 100
 Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
 His mighty standard, that proud honour claimed
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall,
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled 105
 The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds, 110
 At which the universal host up sent
 A shout that tore Hell’s concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air, 115
 With orient colours waving, with them rose
 A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms
 Appeared and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable Anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 120
 Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised
 To height of noblest temper heroes old

Arming to battle, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ; 125
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force, with fixèd thought, 130
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now
 Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield, 135
 Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
 Had to impose. He through the armèd files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views, their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of gods ; 140
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
 Glories ; for never, since created man,
 Met such embodied force, as named with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry 145
 Warred on by cranes ; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mixed with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son, 150
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond ;
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afrie shore, 155
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
 Their dread Commander ; he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 160
 Stood like a tower ; his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appeared

Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs Darkened so yet shone
Above them all the Archangel, but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge, cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers ruther,
(Far other once behell in bliss,) condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood.
Their glory withered, as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath He now prepared
To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers, attention held them mute
Thrice he essayed, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth, at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way
“O Myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter, but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile

- Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat ?
For me be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked ; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not ; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere ;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired,
For who can think submission ? War then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved."
- He spake ; and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim : the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell: highly they raged
Against the Highest ; and fierce with graspèd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

205

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(Book III, 155)

- Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first born! 240
 Or of the Eternal co eternal beam
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproachèd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate 245
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and, at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep, 250
 Won from the void and formless infinite
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne, 255
 With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught, by the heavenly Muse, to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare, thee I revisit safe, 260
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more 265
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill
 Smit with the love of sacred song, but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet and warbling flow. 270
 Nightly I visit, nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris, and blind Maeonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old, 275
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns 280
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men 285
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light, 290
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

(Book IV., 27-113.)

Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view 295
 Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad ;
 Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower ;
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began :—
 “ O thou ! that, with surpassing glory crowned, 300
 Look’st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads ; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams, 305
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven’s matchless King !
 Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return 310
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.

What could be less than to afford him praise
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks? 315
 How due! Yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice, lifted up so high
 I deigned subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude. 320
 So burthensome, still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still received,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged, what burden then? 325
 Oh! had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior Angel I had stood
 Then happy, no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
 As great might have aspired and me though mean, 330
 Drawn to his part, but other Powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken from within
 Or from without to all temptations armed
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
 Thou hadst Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all? 335
 Be then his love accursed! since love or hate,
 To me alike it deals eternal woe
 Nay, cursed be thou! since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly 340
 Infinite writh and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell, myself am Hell,
 And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven
 Oh then, at last relent! Is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the Spirits beneath whom I seduced
 With other promises and other viants
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue

The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan;
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.

355

But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void;—
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;—
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace.
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;
 Evil, be thou my Good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half, perhaps, will reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know."

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From "PARADISE REGAINED."

(Book II., 337-365.)

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,
 Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade,
 A table richly spread in regal mode,
 With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
 And savour—beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,

385

- Grisamber steamed ; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin, 390
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast
Alas ! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood 395
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas, distant more,
Under the trees now tripped now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn, 400
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore 405
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earhest smells 410

From "L'ALLEGRO"

- Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles, 415
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe, 420
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew,

- To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprov'd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
Whilst the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

From "IL PENSERO SO."

- Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commerceing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes,
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet, 465
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,
 But, first and chiefeft, with thee bring 470
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song, 475
 In her sweetest saddest plught,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak

Song

(From "Comus")

Sweet Echo sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen 485
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the lone-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair 490
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 Oh if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,

Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere !
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

From the same.

- Spirit.* To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky ;
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal Summer dwells ;
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew ;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposest,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,

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And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy, so Joye hath sworn

But now my task is smoothly done, 535
 I can fly or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon 540
 Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue, she alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or, if Virtue feeble were 545
 Heaven itself would stoop to her

From 'LYCIDAS'

Return Alpheus the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams, return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues 550
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparingly looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the hoined showers 555
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow toe and pale jessamine,
 The white pink and the pansy freckled with jet,
 The glowing violet, 560
 The musk rose and the well attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears,
 But Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 An I daffadillies fill their cups with tears 565
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies

✓ ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!

My hastening days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth. 570
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;

And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'�.

Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow, 575
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven ;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,

As ever in my great Task-Master's eye. 580

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present 585
My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies : 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best 590
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 16, 1652

*On the Proposals of certain Ministers of the Committee for
the Propagation of the Gospel*

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud 595
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued, 600
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath Yet much remains
 To conquer still, Peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than War, new foes arise, 605
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave, 610
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave.
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of child bed taint
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have 615
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white pure as her mind
 Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness goodness in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight 620
 But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old, 625
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
 Forget not ; in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans 630
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way 635
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

From "SAMSON AGONISTES."

All is best, though we oft doubt
 What the unsearchable dispose
 Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close. 640
 Oft He seems to hide His face,
 But unexpectedly returns,
 And to His faithful champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,
 And all that band them to resist 645
 His uncontrollable intent.
 His servants He, with new acquist
 Of true experience from this great event,
 With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
 And calm of mind, all passion spent. 650

BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-1680) held various posts as clerk or secretary to a country justice, to the Countess of Kent, and to Sir Samuel Luke, a violent Presbyterian, who was probably the hero of *Hudibras*. This poem, published in 1663, 1664, and 1678, was a long and famous burlesque epic, ridiculing the manners and morals of the Roundheads in tetrameter verses distinguished for their droll rhymes, vivacious portraits and constant play of wit. He was praised by Charles II., and given a small post, but this was soon lost, and Butler after a life of hardship died in wretched poverty.

From "SIR HUDBRAS"

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not whv,
When hard words, jealousies and fears
Set folks together by the ears,
When gospel trumpeter, surrounded 5
With long ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick,
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling 10
And out he rode a colonelling
A wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirrour of Knighthood*,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid 15
‘ Right worshipful’ on shoulder blide
He w^s in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skil'd in analytic,
He cou'd distinguish, and divide
A hir 'twixt south and south west side, 20
On either which he wou'd dispute
Confute, change hands, and still confute,

He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl ;
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees. . . .
 But, when he pleas'd to shew 't, his speech
 In lostiness of sound was rich ;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect ;
 It was a party-coloured dress
 Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages :
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once. . . .
 Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read every text and gloss over :
 What e'er the crabbed'st author hath
 He understood b' implicit faith,
 What ever sceptic could inquire for ;
 For every why he had a wherefore ;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go.
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
 No matter whether right or wrong :
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell ;
 But oftentimes mistook th' one
 For th' other, as great Clerks have done.

MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678) was born near Hull, a town which he represented in Parliament after the Restoration. He was the friend and at one time the colleague of Milton, to whose *Paradise Lost* he prefixed the well known verses beginning, "When I behold the poet blind yet bold." Marvell is notable as a pamphleteer and a satirist, but more especially as the author of the *Horation Ode*, and as a Nature poet in the seventeenth century.

From 'THE GARDEN'

What wondrous life is thus I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head,
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, the curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach,
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness,
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find,
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide
There like a bird, it sits and sings,
There whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light

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Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet;
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradeses 'twere in one,
To live in paradise alone.

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THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS.

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

35

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

40

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since JULIANA here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

45

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BERMUDAS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song.

" What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?

55

Where he the huge sea monsters wracks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs,
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms and prelates' rage 60
 He gave us this eternal spring,
 Which here enamels every thing,
 And sends the fowls to us in care,
 On daily visits through the air,
 He hangs in shades the orange bright. 65
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows,
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet, 70
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice,
 With cedars chosen by his hand,
 From Lebanon he stores the land,
 And makes the hollow seas, that roar, 75
 Proclaim the ambergrease on shore,
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound his name 80
 Oh ! let our voice his praise exalt,
 'Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
 Which then (perhaps) rebounding, may
 Echo beyond the Mexique Bay "

Thus sung they, in the English boat, 85
 A holy and a cheerful note
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time

A HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM
 IRELAND

The forward youth that would appear
 Must now forsake his muses dear, 90
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing,

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
 Removing from the wall
 The corselet of the hall.

95

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But through adventurous war
 Urgèd his active star;

100

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
 Did thorough his own side
 His fiery way divide;

105

(For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy,
 And with such to inclose,
 Is more than to oppose;)

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
 And Caesar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.

110

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The force of angry heaven's flame;
 And if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due,

115

Who from his private gardens where
He lived reserved and austere,
 As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot,

120

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
 And cast the kingdoms old,
 Into another mould.

Though justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain,
 (But those do hold or break,
 As men are strong or weak),

125

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.

130

- What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art , 135
Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Canisbrook's narrow case, 140
That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands
He nothing common did, or mean, 145
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe s edge did try ,
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right, 150
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed
This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forcèd power ,
So, when they did design 155
The capitol's first line,
A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ,
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate 160
And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed.
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know
They can affirm his praises best, 165
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust ,
Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand, 170
(How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey !)

- He to the Commons' feet presents
 A kingdom for his first year's rents ;
 And, what he may, forbears
 His fame, to make it theirs ; 175
 And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
 To lay them at the public's skirt :
 So when the falcon high
 Falls heavy from the sky, 180
 She, having killed, no more doth search,
 But on the next green bough to perch ;
 Where, when he first does lure,
 The falconer has her sure.
 What may not then our isle presume, 185
 While victory his crest doth plume ?
 What may not others fear,
 If thus he crowns each year ?
 As Caesar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
 To Italy a Hannibal, 190
 And to all states not free
 Shall climacteric be.
 The Pict no shelter now shall find
 Within his party-coloured mind,
 But, from this valour sad, 195
 Shrink underneath the plaid ;
 Happy, if in the tufted brake
 The English hunter him mistake,
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer. 200
 But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
 March indefatigably on,
 And for the last effect,
 Still keep the sword erect ;
 Beside the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night, 205
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain.

DORSET.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, *Earl of Dorset* (1637-1706), well known in his own day as the patron of men of letters (among them Prior, Dryden, and Wycherley), was the author of a number of lyrics and satirical pieces. The ballad printed below is almost the only one of his works that is remembered

A BALLAD

To all you Ladies now at land
 We men at sea indite,
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write,
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you

For though the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
 Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,
 Think not we are unkind,
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
 By Dutchmen, or by wind,
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
 The tide shall waft them twice a day

The King with wonder and surprise
 Will swear the seas grow bold,
 Because the tides will higher rise,
 Than e'er they did of old,
 But let him know it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs

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Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree,
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind ? 30

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind,
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play,—
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you!

But now our fears tempestuous grow
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play,—
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care,
For being so remote,
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.

In justice you can not refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity from your tears
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea

65

ROCHESTER

JOHN WILMOTT, *Earl of Rochester* (1647 1680), was educated at Burford School and *Wadham College Oxford*. He was the withest and probably the most dissolute of Charles II's courtiers. He wrote a number of lyrics remarkable "rather for wit than poetry"

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
 Whose word no man relies on
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 Nor ever did a wise one

VAUGHAN.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622 95) was a native of Brecknockshire, and in his *Silex Scintillans* (1650) showed himself to be a follower of George Herbert. Absorbed by the spirit of natural piety, Vaughan reads spiritual lessons in the various objects around him, and in this anticipates Wordsworth by some century and a half

MORNING.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
 To do the like; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
 Give Him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou keep 5
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
 Dawn with day: these are set awful hours
 'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
 After sun-rising; for day sullies flowers: 10
 Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
 And Heaven's gates open when the world is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures; note the hush
 And whisperings among them: not spring
 Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush 15
 And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
 Oh! leave thy cares and follies; go this way,
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go,
 Until thou hast a blessing; then resign 20
 The whole unto Him, and remember who
 Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
 Pour oil upon the stones, seek sin forgiven,
 Then journey on and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries: the first world's youth, 25
 Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
 Shroud in their birthis; the crown of life, light, truth,
 Is styled their star, the stone and hidden food:
 Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
 Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich. 30

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
 Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
 Despatch necessities, life hath a load

Which must be carried on, and safely may
 Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part

35

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright,
 And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years, 40
 Driv'n by the spheres,

Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain

Did there complain,
 Near him his lute his fancy, and his flights,
 Wit's four delights,
 With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure,
 Yet his dear treasure,
 All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour 50
 Upon a flower

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The darksome States man hung with weights and woe
 Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,

He did not stay, nor go,
 Condemning thoughts like sad eclipses scowl
 Upon his soul,

And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout
 Yet dugg'd the mole, and, lest his ways be found
 Worked under ground,

Where he did clutch his prey, but one did see
 That policy,
 Churches and altars fed him, perjuries
 Were gnats and flies,
 It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free

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- The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives 70
 In fear of thieves.
 Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
 And hugg'd each one his pelf;
 The down-right epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
 And scorn'd pretence; 75
 While others, slipped into a wide excess,
 Said little less;
 The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
 Who think them brave,
 And poor, despised truth sat counting by 80
 Their victory.
- Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing and weep, soar'd up into the Ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 "O fools," said I, "thus to prefer dark night 85
 Before true light!
 To live in grots and caves, and hate the day,
 Because it shows the way,
 The way, which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God. 90
 A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
 More bright than he!"
 But as I did their madness so discuss
 One whisper'd thus,
 "This ring the Bride-groom did for none provide, 95
 But for his bride."
-

DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN was born in 1631, and was educated at Westminster and Trinity, Cambridge. His first important poem was an elegy on the death of Cromwell (1658) soon to be followed by *Astrea Redux*, a welcome to the returning Charles. The next twenty years were devoted chiefly to the drama, the only poem of note being the *Annus Mirabilis* describing the wonderful events of 1665-6. About 1681-2 Dryden's interest in politics became keen, and he wrote three satires—*Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Medal*, and *Macflecknoe*—against the country party. His interest in religious questions led to the writing of *Religio Laici* in 1682, and *The Hind and the Panther* (an allegory) in 1687. During the last ten years of his life Dryden translated much from Latin and Italian, and modernized Chaucer. Dryden was also a prose writer and a critic of no mean order, and was one of the first to use the modern short sentence in place of the old sentence paragraph. His death took place in 1700.

From "RELIGIO LAICI"

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers
Is Reason to the soul and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray 5
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day
And as those mighty tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight, 10
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light
Some few, whose limp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause to Nature's secret head,
And found that one first principle must be,
But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE, 15
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmoved, yet making, moving all,
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form (the noble work of chance,) 19

Or this great All was from eternity,
Not even the Stagirite himself could see,
And Epicurus guessed as well as he.
As blindly groped they for a future state,
As rashly judged of Providence and Fate.
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concerned the good of human kind ;
For Happiness was never to be found,
But vanished from them like enchanted ground.
One thought Content the good to be enjoyed ;
This every little accident destroyed.
The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil,
A thorny, or at best a barren soil ;
In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
But found their line too short, the well too deep,
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul.

From "MAC FLECKNOE."

All human things are subject to decay
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire and had governed long,
In prose and verse was owned without dispute
Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state ;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, " 'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years ;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.

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The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid interval,
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray, 60
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye
 And seems designed for thoughtless majesty,
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign 65
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology "

*From the PROLOGUE TO 'AURENG ZEBE, OR THE
 GREAT MOGUL.'*

Our author by experience finds it true
 'Tis much more hard to please himself than you,
 And out of no feigned modesty this day 70
 Damns his laborious trifle of a play,
 Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
 But he has now another taste of wit,
 And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
 Grows weary of his long loved mistress, Rhyme 75
 Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
 And Nature flies him like enchanted ground
 What verse can do he has performed in this,
 Which he presumes the most correct of his,
 But spite of all his pride a secret shame 80
 Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name
 Awed when he hears his godlike Romans rage,
 He in a just despair would quit the stage,
 And to an age less polished more unskilled,
 Does with disdain the foremost honours yield 85
 As with the greater dead he dares not strive,
 He would not match his verse with those who live
 Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,
 The first of this and hindmost of the last.

CHARACTER OF BUCKINGHAM.

(From "Absalom and Achitophel.")

- Some of their chiefs were princes of the land; 90
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
 A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts and nothing long; 95
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ 100
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
 So over violent or over civil
 That every man with him was God or Devil. 105
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate. 109
 He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
 For spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left. 115

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A SONG IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY: 1697.

- 'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne; 120
 His valiant peers were placed around;
 ANTII.

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair

125

130

Chorus

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around,

135

140

145

150

A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod
 And seems to shake the spheres

155

Chorus.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,

160

And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.

The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :

165

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

170

175

Chorus.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

180

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
The master saw the madness rise, [slain.
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heaven and earth defied.
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

185

He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse ;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,

190

Fallen, fallen fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood,
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed ,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,

195

Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ,
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow

200

Chorus

Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ,
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow

205

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree ,
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love

210

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures
 " War , ' he sung ' is toil and trouble ,
 Honour but an empty bubble ,

215

Never ending still beginning ,
 Fighting still and still destroying
 If the world be worth thy winning ,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying

220

Lovely Thais sits beside thee ,

Take the good the gods provide thee "

The many rend the skies with loud applause ,
 So Love was crowned but Music won the cause
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain ,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care ,

225

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

230

Chorus.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

235

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head ;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.

240

" Revenge, revenge," Timotheus cries,
 " See the Furies arise ;
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !

245

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.

255

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods."
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;

260

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy,
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy 265

Chorus

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy,
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy

Thus long ago, 270
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire 275
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame,
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store.
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 280
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down 285

Grand Chorus

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame,
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store.
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 290
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down 295

CHARACTER OF BURNET.

(From "The Hind and the Panther.")

Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his impudence,
 He dares the world and, eager of a name,
 He thrusts about and justles into fame.
 Frontless and satire-proof, he scours the streets, 300
And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.
 So fond of loud report, that not to miss
 Of being known, (his last and utmost bliss,)
 He rather would be known for what he is.

From "ODE TO ANNE KILLIGREW."

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies, 305
 Made in the last promotion of the blest ;
 Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the rest :
 Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star, 310
 Thou rollst above us in thy wandering race,
 Or in procession fixed and regular
 Moved with the heaven's majestic pace,
 Or called to more superior bliss,
 Thou treadst with seraphims the vast abyss : 315
 Whatever happy region be thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space ;
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
 Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse 320
 In no ignoble verse,
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there ;
 While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of Heaven. 325

LINES ON MILTON

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last
The force of Nature could no farther go,
To make a third she joined the former two

330

CHARACTER OF SHAFTESBURY.

(From '*Absalom and Achitophel*')

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power pleased, impatient of disgrace,
A fiery soul which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay

335

And o'er informed the tenement of clay
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms but, for a calm unsit,
Would steer too nigh the winds to boast his wit

340

Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,
Else why should he with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?

Punish a body which he could not please,

350

Bankrupt of life yet prodigal of ease?

And all to leave what with his toil he won

To that unfeathered two legged thing, a son,

Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,

And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy

355

In friendship false implacable in hate,

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state,

To compass this the triple bond he broke,

The pillars of the public safety shook

And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke,

360

- Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own ! 365
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access.
Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown 375
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land. 380
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his Prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws. 385
390

SONG.

(From "Cleomenes.")

No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her ;
My ravished eyes behold such charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her ;
One tender sigh of hers to see me languish,

Will more than pay the price of my past anguish
 Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me,
 'Twas a kind look of yours, that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
 And she will end my pain, who did begin it, 400
 Then no day void of bliss, of pleasure, leaving.
 Ages shall slide away without perceiving
 Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,
 And keep out time and death, when they would seize us
 Time and death shall depart, and say in flying 405
 Love has found out a way to live by dying

ADDISON.

JOSPEH ADDISON was born in 1672, and was educated at Oxford. He is far more important as a prose writer than as a poet, his contributions to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* entitling him to a high place in the history of English prose. His reputation as a poet rests on one poem, *The Campaign*, and one tragedy, *Cato*. His verse is correct but monotonous, and he has no creative power.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand 5

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth 10

Whilst all the stars that round her burn
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole. 15

“ What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason’s ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 ‘ The hand that made us is divine.’ ” 20

PARNELL.

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679 and died at Chester in 1718. His best poetic work was produced during the last five years of his life. His best-known poem is *The Hermit*, but his *Night Piece on Death* and *Hymn to Contentment* are of more significance in literary history.

From “A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.”

How deep yon azure dyes the sky,
 Where orbs of gold unnumber’d lie,
 While through their ranks in silver pride
 The nether crescent seems to glide !
 The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire : 5
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water laves. 10

That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night
 There pass, with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate
 And think, as softly-sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,
 "Time was, like thee they life possest,
 And time shall be, that thou shalt rest" 15
 20

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
 Where toil and poverty repose
 The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 The chisel's slender help to fame,
 (Which ere our set of friends decay
 Their frequent steps may wear away,) 25
 A middle race of mortals own,
 Men, half ambitious, all unknown. 30

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones
 These, all the poor remains of state,
 Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
 Who while on earth in fame they live,
 Are senseless of the fame they give 35

PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721) was humbly born, but by his literary talents won his way to a fellowship at Cambridge and a brilliant diplomatic career. He was Ambassador at Paris when the Treaty of Utrecht was concluded. When the Tories fell from power he was imprisoned (1715-1717), and afterwards lived quietly in the country. He wrote *Alma, or the Progress of the Mind*, and *Solomon*, a feeble epic; but is now best remembered for his charming and witty occasional lyrics.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY FIVE YEARS OLD.

Lords, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silk-worms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

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Then too, alas ! when she shall tear
 The lines some younger rival sends,
 She'll give me leave to write, I fear.
 And we shall still continue friends

For, as our different ages move,
 'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it !) 25
 That I shall be past making love,
 When she begins to comprehend it

Song

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name ,
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Cloe is my real flame 30

My softest verse, my darling lyre
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
 When Cloe noted her desire
 That I should sing that I should play 35

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs ,
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes 40

Fair Cloe blush'd Euphelia frown'd
 I sung and gazed , I play'd, and trembled
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled

POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in 1688, the son of Catholic parents. Educated privately, he began to write poetry at an early age. His *Pastorals* were published in 1709, followed by the mock-heroic *Rape of the Lock* in 1712. From 1715-25 he was engaged on his translations from Homer, winning thereby both fame and fortune. Pope's life was one long warfare with literary rivals and enemies, and these quarrels largely furnished the themes for his satires, published between 1728 and 1742; the most famous of these was the *Dunciad*. Besides the satires Pope wrote moral essays in verse, the best of which was the *Essay on Man*, very poor in its philosophy but remarkable for the exquisite finish of the versification and for the point of its epigrams. Pope is largely the poet of the commonplace, but he always expresses those commonplaces in harmonious and polished verse.

IGNORANCE OF THE FUTURE.

(From the "Essay on Man.")

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play? 5
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar; 15
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest:

5

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15

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The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.)

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way,
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud topt hill, an humbler heav'n,
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company

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HONOUR AND SHAME

(*From the "Essay on Man"*)

Honour and shame from no Condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies
Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags one flutters in brocade,
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you friend! a wise man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunella

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A GAME OF CARDS

(*From the "Rape of the Lock"*)

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a fork'd beard,
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r,

50

Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
 And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

55

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :
 Let Spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !

60

Led off two captive trumps and swept the board.
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.

65

The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade !

75

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ;
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
 The clubs' black tyrant first her victim died,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride :
 What boots the regal circlet on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread ;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarch's, only grasps the globe ?

80

The Baron now his diamonds pours apace ;
 Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
 And his resplendent queen, with pow'r's combin'd
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.

85

90

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis united fall,
In heaps on heaps, one fate o'erwhelms them all

95

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of hearts 100
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look,
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille
And now (as oft in some distemper'd State) 105
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate
An ace of hearts steps forth The king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply

110

110

CHARACTER OF ADDISON

(From the '*Epistle to Arbuthnot*'')

Peace to all such^t but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease
Should such a man too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise,
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer,
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike,
Alike reserv'd to blame or to command,
A tim'rous foe and a suspicious friend,
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,

115

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125

And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise :—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if *ATTICUS* were he ?

130

*From " EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT, BEING THE PROLOGUE
TO THE SATIRES."*

Shut, shut the door, geod John ! fatigu'd I said, 135
 Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The Dog-star rages ! nay 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land. 140

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide ;
 By land, by water, they renew the charge ;
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free ; 145
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me ;
 Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
 Happy to catch me just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer, 150
 A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a Stauza, when he should engross ?
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'r ate charcoal round his darken'd walls ?

All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain 155
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope. 160

Friend to my Life ! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)

What *Drop or Nostrum* can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?

A dire dilemma¹ either way I'm spcl.

If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!

Who can't be silent, and who will not lie
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,

And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face

I sit with sad civility, I read

With honest anguish and an aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling eys.

This saving counsel "Keep your piece nine years"

"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-lane, 175

Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,

Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,

Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends

'The piece you think, is incorrect? why, take it,
I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it" 180

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound

Pitholeon sends to me "You know his Grace,
I want a Patron, ask him for a Place"

Pitholeon libell'd me ---"but here's a letter

Informs you Sir, 'twas when he knew no better

Dare you refuse him? Cull invites to dine,

He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *Divine*"

Bless me! a packet 'Tis a stranger sues,

A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, 'Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, "Command it to the Stage"

There (thank my stars) my whole Commission ends,

The Play rs and I are, luckily, no friends

Fir'd that the house reject him, "Sdeath I'll print it, 195

"And shame the fools—Your Int'rest, Sir, with

Lintot!"

Lintot dull rogue! will think your price too much.

"Not Sir, if you revise it, and retouch"

All my demurs but double his Attacks,

At last he whispers 'Do and we go snacks'

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

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Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

Pope. Let Sporus tremble.

Arbuthnot. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel? 205
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys: 210
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks, 215
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies. 220
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart, 225
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust; 230
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile;—be one Poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways; 235
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song.

From "ELOISA TO ABELARD"

- See in her cell sad Eloisa spread, 240
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead
 In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
 And more than Echoes talk along the walls
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heird a hollow sound 245
 "Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)
 "Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!"
 Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 Love's victim then, tho' now a stunted maid
 But all is calm in this eternal sleep, 250
 Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear
 For God, not man, absolves our frailties here!"
- I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever blooming flow'rs 255
 Thither where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames resu'd in breasts seraphic glow
 Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day
 See my lips tremble, and my eye balls roll, 260
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand.
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die 265
 Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloisa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 'Till ev'ry motion pulse and breath be o'er, 270
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more
 O Death all eloquent! you only prove
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love
- May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 275

When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads, 280
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 " Oh may we never love as these have lov'd."

THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748) was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire, and was educated at Edinburgh University with a view to entering the Church. However, he went to London in 1725, and in the following year published *Winter*, the first part of his most famous poem, *The Seasons*. The other three parts appeared at various dates between 1727 and 1730. In this poem Thomson revived the poetry of external nature and struck a vigorous blow at the supremacy of the prevailing classical school. Though he wrote a number of tragedies and one long poem, *Liberty*, his only other work of importance is *The Castle of Indolence* (1748), an allegorical poem in the Spenserian stanza, which some critics consider his best work.



A WINTER STORM.

(From "*The Seasons.*")

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain 5
 Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet, unexhausted, still
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up
 The day's fair race. The wanderers of heaven,
 Each to his home retire ; save those that love 10
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimly pool.
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
 Or ruminante in the contiguous shade. 15

Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive and dripping, while the cottage hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolic much he talks, 20
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof

A PEASANT LOST IN THE SNOW

As thus the snows arise, and, foul and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose revolving fields the swain 25
 Disastered stands, sees other hills ascend
 Of unknown joyless brow and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain,
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild, but wanders on 30
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home, the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt How sinks his soul! 35
 What black despair what horror fills his heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of man 40
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
 Of covered pits unfathomably deep, 45
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge,
 Smoothed up with snow, and what is land unknown,
 What water of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake, 50
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils

These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots 55
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out 60
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ; 65
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
 Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

GAY.

JOHN GAY was born at Barnstaple in 1685. After leaving school he was apprenticed to a mercer in London, but soon abandoned this uncongenial occupation. His first work was *The Shepherd's Week* (1714), a collection of six burlesque pastorals. This was followed in 1715 by *Trivia*, a description of the streets of London. He won his reputation, however, by *The Fables* (1727) and *The Beggar's Opera* (1728). He was also the author of some songs and ballads which show that he possessed the lyric gift to a higher degree than most of his contemporaries, though in none of his songs does he reach a very high level. He died in 1732.

A BALLAD.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind ;
 A damsel lay deplored,
 All on a rock reclined.

Wide o'er the rolling billows
 She cast a wistful look,
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That tremble o'er the brook

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days
 Why didst thou, vent rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair,
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so

How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain,
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand ring lover,
 And leavo the maid to weep

All melancholy living,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear;
 When, o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spied,
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head and died

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GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in 1716, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He spent the greater part of his life at the latter place, and assiduously cultivated the tastes of a scholar and an antiquary. His poetry is small in bulk, but it is for the most part of excellent quality. His *Elegy* is one of the best known poems in the language and is almost perfect. He was also the author of several odes, of which *The Bard* and the *Progress of Poesy* are by far the finest, of translations from Scandinavian and Welsh, and of some of the most charming letters in the English language. In his appreciation of natural scenery, and in his sympathetic reverence for Teutonic antiquity, Gray largely anticipated the great Romantic movement. He died in 1771.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Awake, Molian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings,
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow. 5
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ;
Now rolling down the steep arain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
The rocks and nodding groves to hollow to the roar.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Care 15
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thrace's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirfty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptered hand

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Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing,
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye

Thee the voice, the dance, obey, 25
 Tempered to thy warbled lay
 O'er Idalia's velvet green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day,

With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures, 30
 Frisking light in frolic measures,
 Now pursuing now retreating,

Now in circling troops they meet,
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many twinkling feet 35
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare,

Where er she turns the Graces homage pay
 With arms sublime that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way,

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom move 40
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,

And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate' 45
 The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove

Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews
 Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry, 50

He gives to range the dreary sky,
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam, 55
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode

And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat 60
 In loose numbers wildly sweet
 Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame. 65

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Ægæan deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Maeander's amber waves 70
 In lingering lab'rinths creep,
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish ?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Ev'ry shade and hallowed fountain 75
 Murmured deep a solemn sound ;
 Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains. 80
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed, 85
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face. The dauntless Child
 Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
 'This pencil take' (she said) 'whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year ; 90
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy

95

He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time,
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze, 100
He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race, 105
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding p^tce

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn 110
But ah! 'tis heard no more —
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear 115
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air,
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the Sun, 120
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea, 125
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, 130
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign. 135

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn, 140
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care; 145
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield! 150
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor. 155

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you ye Proud impute to these the fault 160
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise
 Where thro' the long drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? 165
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
 Or waded to ecstasy the living lyre 171

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage
 And froze the genial current of the soul 175

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood 181
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

The applause of list'ning senates to command
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise 185
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
 And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues but their crimes confined
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne 190
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind

'The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame. 195

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect 200
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ; 205
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, 210
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires. 215

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonoured Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say, 220
 'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

- There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantisie roots so high, 225
- His lustless length at noontide woul l be stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by

- Hard by yon wood, now snul ing as in scorn,
 Mutt ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
- Now drooping, woe ful wan, like one forlorn, 230
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love

- One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree,
- Another came — nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he, 235

- The next with dirges due in sid array
 Slow thro the church way path we saw him borne,—
- Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn'

THE EPITAPH

- HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth* 240
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own
- Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,*
Heavn did a recompence as largely send; 245
He gave to Mis ry all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heavn ('twas all he wished) a friend
- No farther seek his merits to disclose,*
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,) 250
The bosom of his Father and his God

COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester in 1721, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford. His most famous volume—the *Odes*—fell still-born from the press in 1746-7. In 1750 he wrote a fine *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands*, but soon afterwards his health began to fail, and the last years of his life, until 1759, were clouded by insanity. Chief among his *Odes* stand the *Ode to the Passions* and the *Ode to Evening*, the latter almost perfect in its exquisite appropriateness of diction and harmony of versification.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear.

Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,

5

With braid ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;

10

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:

Now teach me, maid composed.
To breathe some softened strain,

15

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit:

As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

20

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp

The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph, who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and livelier still, 26

The p^{ea}nsive Pleasures sweet,
Prepuie thy shadowy ear,

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,

30

Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams

Or if chill blustering winds or driving sun
Prevent my willing feet be mine the hut,

35

That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown and dum discovered spires,
And bears their simple bell and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses meekest Eve,

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light,

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,

45

Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes,

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,

50

Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE WRITTEN IN 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

55

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

60

ODE ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

But O ! o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.

65

Go, just, as they, their blameless manners trace !
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song

Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,

70

And all their prospect but the wintry main.
 With sparing temp'rance, at the needful time,

They drain the sainted spring, or, hunger-prest,
 Along th' Atlantic rock undreading climb,

75

And of its eggs despoil the Solan's nest.
 Thus blest in primal innocence they live,

Suffic'd and happy with that frugal fare
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.

Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare :
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there !

80

Nor needst thou blush, that such false themes engage

Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possest,
For not alone they touch the village breast,

But fill'd in elder time th' historic page

There SHAKESPEARE's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,

In musing hour, his wayward sisters found,

And with their terrors drest the magic scene

From them he sung when mid his boll design

Bore the Scot afflicted an' agast

The shadowy kings of BENGEO's fated line

Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant past

Proceed, nor quit the tales which simply told,
Could once so well my aching bosom pierce,

Proceed in forceful sounds and colours bold

The native legends of thy land rehearse,
To such adapt thy lyre and suit thy powerful verse

In scenes like these which daring to depart

From sober truth are still to nature true,

And call forth fresh delight to fancy's view,

Th' heroic muse employ'd her Tasso's art!

How have I trembl'd when, at TAVEREN's stroke,

Its gushing blood the gaping; eypress pour'd,
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,

And the wild blast up-heav'd the vanish'd sword!

If we live I sat when pip'd the pensive wind

I hear his harp by Briton FAIRFAX strung,

Provoking poet whose undoubting mind

Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!

Hence it each sound imagination glows,

Hence his warm lyre with softest sweetness flows

Melting it flows pure num'rous strong, and clear,

And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious

ear

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SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield in the year 1709, and after spending some time at Pembroke College, Oxford, came to London to make his living by literature. In 1738 he wrote his satire of *London*, followed by the *Vanity of Human Wishes* in 1749. From 1750-2 he issued the bi-weekly *Rambler*, and in 1755 his world famous *Dictionary*. In 1759 he wrote *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, his one and only novel. His last work of importance was his *Lives of the Poets* (1779-81), a monument of dictatorial but somewhat wrong headed criticism. After a long struggle against poverty and want, Johnson reached in the end a position of comparative affluence, and at the time of his death in 1784 was the centre of an admiring literary circle.

From the "DRURY LANE PROLOGUE."

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
 First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose :
 Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds and then imagined new :
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toiled after him in vain :
 His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed
 And unresisted passion stormed the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
 To please in method and invent by rule ;
 His studious patience and laborious art,
 By regular approach assailed the heart :
 Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
 For those who durst not censure scarce could praise
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

5

10

15

From "THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES"

T In full blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine, 20
 Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and power balances power
 Till conquest unresisted I ceas'd to please, 25
 And rights submitted left him none to seize
 At length his son reign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate
 Wher'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye
 His supplicants scorn him and his followers fly 30
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy the glittering plute,
 The regal palure the luxurious board
 The liv'ly army, and the menial lord
 With age with error with maladies oppress'd, 35
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest,
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the earth of kings]

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peare repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine? 40
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
 For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
 Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow, 45
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
 What murder'd Wentworth and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine, 50
 And power too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,

- The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
 Thro' all his veins the fever of renown 55
 Burns from the strong contagion of the gown :
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth ! 60
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat :
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day ;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight, 65
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ; 70
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee.
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes, 75
 And pause awhile from letters to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust. 80
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
 Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes ;
 See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd, 85
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds tho' smaller fines content,
 The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent,
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block ; 90
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

CHATTERTON.

THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770) was nephew to the sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and it was from much fingerling of genuine charters and other mediaeval papers that he picked up his knowledge of black letter and heraldry, and was inspired to forge fresh MSS. *The Death of Sir Charles Cardan*, and *All's a tragedy*, took in the Bristol antiquaries completely, but an attempt to gain the patronage of Horace Walpole led to exposure at the hands of Gray and Mason wherenpon Chatterton nearly starved and smarting under wounded pride poisoned himself in his London garret.

From "AN EXCELENT BALLAD OF CHARITY"

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain
 The Abbot of Saint Godwyn's convent came,
 His chapournette was drenched with the rain,
 His painted girdle met with mickle shune,
 He backwards told his bedroll at the same
 The storm increased, and he drew aside,
 With the poor alms-craver near the holm to bide

His cope was all of Lanecoln cloth so fine,
 With a gold button fastened near his chin
 His autremete was edged with golden twine 10
 And his peak'd shoe a lordling's might have been,
 Full well it showed he counted cost no sin
 The trammels of the palfrey pleased his sight
 For the horse milliner his head with roses dight

"An alms, Sir Priest!" the drooping pilgrim said, 15
 O let me wait within your convent door
 Till the sun shineth high above our head
 And the loud tempest of the air is o'er
 Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor
 No house, nor friend nor money in my pouch,
 All that I call my own is this my silver crouch."

"Varlet," replied the Abbot, "cease your din ;
 This is no season alms and prayers to give ;
 My porter never lets a beggar in ;
 None touch my ring who not in honour live." 25
 And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
 And shot upon the ground his glaring ray :
 The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away.

Once more the sky was black, the thunder roll'd :
 Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen, 30
 Not dight full proud nor buttoned up in gold ;
 His cope and jape were grey, and eke were clean ;
 A Limitour he was, of order seen ;
 And from the pathway side then turnèd he,
 Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holmen tree. 35

"An alms, Sir Priest," the drooping pilgrim said,
 "For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake !"
 The Limitour then loosened his pouch-thread
 And did thereout a groat of silver take ;
 The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake. 40
 "Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care ;
 We are God's stewards all,—nought of our own we bear."

"But ah ! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me,
 Scarce any give a rentroll to their Lord :
 Here, take my semicope,—thou'rt bare, I see ; 45
 'Tis thine ; the Saints will give me my reward !"
 He left the pilgrim and his way aborde.
 Virgin and holy Saints who sit in gloure,
 Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power !

GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in Ireland in 1728. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and studied law and medicine by turns. After a wandering life on the Continent, he became a school usher and did much literary work, often merely to order. In 1761 he published *The Traveller*, embodying the experiences of his foreign travels, and in 1770 the *Deserted Village*, a poem possessing great charm of description.

Of his prose works the most important are *Letters from a Citizen of the World* (1762) and *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), the latter an idyllic but humorous description of the "lives and the simple lives of country people in country scenery."

Goldsmitb was also the author of two famous prose-comedies, *The Good-Natured Man* (1764) and *The Chaplain to Conquer* (1773), the latter of which is still acted. Goldsmith died at the age of forty-six and was buried in the churchyard of the Temple, close to which he had lived for a great part of his life.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR

(From "*The Deserted Village*")

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose
A man he was to all the country dear, 5
And passing rich with forty pounds a year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour, 10
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain
The long remembered beggar was his guest, 15
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast,

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away, 20
 Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan, 25
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ; 30
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid, 35
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise. 40

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray ;
 The service past, around the pious man, 45
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 E'en children followed with endearing smile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ; 50
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, 55
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

CHARACTER OF EDMUND BURKE

(From "Retaliation")

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much,
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind, 60
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote,
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining,
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit, 65
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
 For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
 And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor 70

ON DAVID GARRICK

(From "Retaliation")

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart, 75
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art
 Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting 80
 With no reason on earth to go out of his w^w,
 He turned and he varied full ten tunes a day
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack, 85
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came ;
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest was surest to please. 90
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind :
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be praised. 96
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies :
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ; 100
 Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhamstead in Nov. 1731, and after a somewhat unhappy time at Westminster School began to read for the bar. He soon gave up the law and after the refusal of a nomination to the post of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, to which he felt himself unequal, began a long life of retirement, with ever-recurring fits of religious melancholia. At first he lived with Mr. Unwin and his wife "Mary" at Huntingdon, but after the death of the former they moved to Olney. Here Cowper fell under the influence of John Newton, the evangelical divine, and wrote for him several famous hymns.

Cowper now wrote his first volume of verse, *Table Talk*, which appeared in 1782, but was not much noticed. He then formed a friendship with Lady Austen, who inspired him to write *John Gilpin*, and playfully imposed on him *The Task*, published in 1785. Cowper completed a translation of the *Iliad* in 1791, but after this his dejection became almost habitual, and we only have occasional, if exquisite flashes of poetry, as in the *Lines on Receipt of My Mother's Picture*, *To Mary*, *The Castaway*, *Yardley Oak*. Cowper's letters are delightful reading.

After the death of Mary Unwin in 1796, Cowper relapsed into a state of complete apathy until his death in 1800.

To MARY

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ah, wou'l that this might be the last!

My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow, 5
I see thee daily weaker grow,
Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore, 10
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldest fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream,
Yet me they charm whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright, 25
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing, could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
 Thy hands their little force resign ;
 Yet, gently prest, press gently mine, 35
 My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
 That now at every step thou movest
 Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
 My Mary ! 40

And still to love, though prest with ill,
 In wintry age to feel no chill,
 With me is to be lovely still,
 My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know,
 How oft the sadness that I show
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
 My Mary ! 45

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
 My Mary ! 50

✓ ENGLAND.

(From "The Task.")

England ! with all thy faults I love thee still—
 My country ! and, while yet a nook is left,
 Where English minds and manners may be found, 55
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France 60
 With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task : 65

But I can feel thy fortunes and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminate whose very looks
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love

70

THE BASTILLE

(From *The Task*)

Then shame to manhood and opprobrious more
 To France than all her losses and defeats,

Old or of later date by sea or land

Her house of bondage worse than that of old

75

Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastille

Ye horrid towers the abode of broken hearts

Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,

That monarchs have supplied from age to age

80

With music such as suits their sovereign ears

The sighs and groans of miserable men!

There's not an English heart that would not leap

To hear that ye were fallen at last to know

That even our enemies so oft employed

In forging chains for us, themselves were free

85

From LIVES OF THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER & PICTURES
 OUT OF NORFOLK,

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN FRITH

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,

The same that oft in childhood solaced me,

Vice only fails, else how distinct they say.

90

"Grieve not my child, chase all thy fears away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes

(Blessed be the art till it can immortalise,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim

To quench it) here shines on me still the same

95

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
 Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:
 And, while that face renewes my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she.

100
105

BLAKE.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827) was born and died in London. He became an engraver, and supported himself almost entirely by this trade, receiving very little for his poems. His first work was a collection of lyrics entitled *Poetical Sketches*, which was published in 1783. In 1787 appeared *Songs of Innocence*, and in 1794 *Songs of Experience*, designed as a kind of supplement to the *Songs of Innocence*. These contain his best work, indeed the only work which entitles him to high rank as a poet. As a lyric poet he claims a very high place.

THE TIGER.

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

5

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp 15
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee? 20

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

/ To THE MUSES

Whether on Ida's shady brow, 25
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased,

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air 30
Where the melodious winds have birth,

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove, 35
Fair Nine forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you?
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few! 40

INTRODUCTION TO SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a Lamb ! ”
 So I piped with merry cheer
 “ Piper, pipe that song again ; ”
 So I piped : he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer ! ”
 So I sung the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book, that all may read.”
 So he vanished from my sight ;
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

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BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS was born in 1759 at Alloway in Ayrshire, the son of a small but independent farmer. His early life was one of great hardship, and it was in order to defray the expenses of emigration to Jamaica that in 1786 he issued the famous Kilmarnock volume, “The Poetical Works of Robert Burns,” containing among others *Poor Mailie*, *Mary Morison*, *Jolly Beggars*, *Hallowe'en*, *Holy Fair*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and *The Twa Dogs*. The volume was favourably noticed by the Edinburgh critics, the idea of emigration was abandoned, and Burns was for a time the lion of Edinburgh.

literary society. Burns now took a farm at Ell Island, and received a post in the excise. It was in Nov 1790 that he wrote *Tam o' Shanter* but after that he devoted himself almost entirely to song writing composing among others *Ye Banks and Braes, Of a' the Airts, Ae Fond Kiss The Banks of Abersfeldie, Auld Lang Syne, Comin thro the Rye, Scots Wha Hae*, and *Is there for Honest Poverty*. Under the strain of his work in the excise and from habitual intemperance, Burns' constitution, already weakened by youthful hardships, broke down, and he died at the age of thirty seven, in 1796.

ROBERT BRUCE'S MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and Sliverie!

5

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free man stand or Free man fa',
Let him on wi' me!

10

15

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY'S in every blow!—
Let us Do—or Die!!

20

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest Poverty
That hangs his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave—we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure an' a' that.
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, 35
A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that. 40

Ye see you birkie ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that;
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, au' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that ;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 (As come it will, for a' that)
 That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree an' a' that
 For a' that, an' a' that
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That Man to Man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that

60

DESCRIPTION OF A STREAMLET

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimplt,
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays,
 Whyles in a wiel it dimplt
 Whyles ghtter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazle
 Luseen that mght

65

70

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW

TUNE — *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey*"

Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
 I dearly like the west
 For there the bonnie lassie lives
 The lassie I lo'e best
 There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 An' mony a hill between
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' mi' Jean

75

80

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair

I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

85

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor :
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

90

95

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said among them a',
 " Ye are na Mary Morison."

100

105

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown ;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

110

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,

When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven.

Your bonie brow was brent,
But now your brow is bell, John,

Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,

John Anderson, my jo

115

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125

John Anderson my jo, John,

We climb the hill thegither,
And mony a cantie day, John,

We've had wi' a' anither
Now we maun totter down, John,

And hand in hand we'll go
And sleep thegither at the foot,

John Anderson, my jo

THE BANKS O' DOON

The banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon

130

How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant ye little birds,

And I sie weary, fu' o' care?
Thou it break my heart, thou warbling bird,

That wantons thro' the flowering thorn
Thou minds me o' departed joys,

Departed never to return

135

Oft haes I rov'd by bonnie Doon,

To see the rose and woodbine twine,
An ilk a bird sang o' its luv

140

And fondly sae did I o' mine
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,

Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause luvver staw my rose,

But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

145

CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832) was born in the little Suffolk port of Aldeburgh, and had to battle with poverty, till the able and delicate kindness of Burke brought him into the haven of the Church. Most of his life was spent as a country parson in Lincoln and Suffolk, and these counties and their natives are described in his poetry. His chief works are the *Library*, *Village*, and *Newspaper* (between 1782 and 1785), and the *Parish Register*, *Borough*, and others (between 1807 and 1819).

Although he wrote in Pope's couplet, his work belonged to the Romantic School by virtue of its naked realism, stern pathos, and humanitarian feeling.

From "THE VILLAGE."

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
 For him that grazes or for him that farms;
 But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
 The poor laborious natives of the place,
 And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
 On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
 While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,
 Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts—
 Then shall I dare these real ills to hide
 In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

5

10

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
 Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast;
 Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
 And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
 By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
 As truth will paint it, and as Bards will not:
 Nor you, ye poor, of letter'd scorn complain,
 To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
 O'ercome by labour, and bow'd down by time,
 Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
 Can poets sooth you, when you pine for bread,

15

20

By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed ?
 Can then light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
 Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour ?

Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er, 25
 Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor,
 From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears,
 Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
 Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye 30
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the rigged infant threaten war,
 There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil,
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil,
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf, 35
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade,
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around 40
 So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
 Betray'd by Man, then left for Man to scorn,
 Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
 While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose,
 Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress, 45
 Exposing most, when most it gilds distress

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
 With sullen woe display'd in every face,
 Who far from civil arts and social fly,
 And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye 50

Here too the lawless merchant of the main
 Draws from his plough th' intoxicated swain,
 Want only claim'd the labour of the day,
 But vice now steals his nightly rest away

Where are the swains, who, daily labour done, 55
 With rural games play'd down the setting sun,
 Who struck with matchless force the bounding bill,
 Or made the pond rous quit obliquely fall,
 While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
 Engaged some artful striping of the throng, 60
 And fell beneath him, foil'd, while far around

Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks return'd the sound ?
 Where now are these ?—Beneath yon cliff they stand,
 To show the freighted pinnace where to land ;
 To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
 To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
 Or, when detected, in their straggling course,
 To foil their foes by cunning or by force ;
 Or, yielding part (which equal knaves demand),
 To gain a lawless passport through the land.

65

70

Here, wand'ring long, amid these frowning fields,
 I sought the simple life that Nature yields ;
 Rapine and Wrong and Fear usurp'd her place,
 And a bold, artful, surly, savage race ;
 Who, only skill'd to take the finny tribe,
 The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
 Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,
 On the lost vessel bend their eager eye,
 Which to their coasts directs its vent'rous way ;
 Theirs, or the ocean's, miserable prey.

75

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As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
 And wait for favouring winds to leave the land ;
 While still for flight the ready wing is spread ;
 So waited I the favouring hour, and fled ;
 Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
 And cried, Ah ! hapless they who still remain ;
 Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
 Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore ;
 Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
 Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away ;
 When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
 And begs a poor protection from the poor !

85

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From "PETER GRIMES."

Peter had heard there were in London then,—
 Still have they being !—workhouse-clearing men,
 Who, undisturb'd by feelings just or kind,

95

Would parish boys to needy tradesmen bind
They in their want a trifling sum would take,
And toiling slaves of piteous orphans make

Such Peter sought, and when a lad was found,
The sum was dealt him, and the slave was bound 100
Some few in town observed in Peter's trap
A boy with jacket blue and woollen cap,
But none inquired how Peter used the rope
Or what the bruise that made the stripling stoop, 105
None could the ridges on his back behold,
None sought him shiv'ring in the winter's cold,
None put the question — Peter, dost thou give
The boy his food? — What man! the lad must live
Consider, Peter, let the child have bread,
He'll serve thee better if he's stroked and fed" 110
None reason'd thus—and some, on hearing cries,
Sud calmly Grimes is at his exercise

Pinn'd beaten cold pinch'd, threaten'd, and abused—
His efforts punish'd and his food refused,—
Awake tormented,—soon aroused from sleep,— 115
Struck if he wept and yet compell'd to weep,
The trembling boy dropp'd down and strove to pray,
Received a blow and trembling turn'd awry,
Or sobb'd and hid his piteous face,—while he,
The savage master grinn'd in horrid glee 120
He'd now the power he ever loved to show,
A feeling being subject to his blow

Thus lived the lad in hunger peril pain,
His tears despised his supplications vain
Compell'd by fear to lie by need to steal, 125
His bed uneasy and unbliss'd his meal,
For three sad years the boy his tortures bore,
And then his pains and trials were no more

How died he Peter? when the people said,
He growl'd — ' I found him lifeless in his bed,' 130
Then tried for softer tone and sigh'd, " Poor Sam is dead "
Yet murmurs were there and some questions ask'd,—
How he was fed how punish'd and how task'd?
Much they suspected but they little proved
And Peter pass'd untroubled and unmoved 135

MRS. BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA AIKIN was born in 1743, and in 1774 married the Rev. Roehement Barbauld. Her writings, both in verse and prose, are very numerous. The best of them is *Hymns in Prose for Children*, a book which has been translated into many European languages. She died in 1825.

LIFE.

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,

5

And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I ?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame
From whence thy essence came
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed ?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power ?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
Or say what art thou when no more thou'rt thee ?

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Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear , 25

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ,

Then steal away, give little warning.

Choose thine own time ,

Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime

Bid me Good morning

30

HOGG.

JAMES HOGG (1772-1835), commonly known as the "Ffarick Shepherd" was a shepherd lad who lived in the glens of Litterick and early became an enthusiastic poet of nature. His poetry consists chiefly in lyrical ballads issued in collections known as *The Mountain Bard*, *The Forest Minstrel* and *The Queen's Wake*. The latter is perhaps his most successful effort, representing a Christmas gathering of Scotch bards before the unfortunate Queen MARY at Holyrood where they prove their skill by composing the various poems which form the collection.

THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness,

Blithesome and cumberless,

Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea'

Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling place—

O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud

Far in the downy cloud,

Love gives it energy, love gave it birth

Where, on thy dewy wing

Where art thou journeying ?

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth

5

10

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day, 15
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms, 20
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth in 1770. His boyhood at Hawkshead School was full of keen delight in outdoor sports and recreations. He passed thence to St. John's, Cambridge, but found himself somewhat out of sympathy with academic life. His vacations were spent chiefly on the Continent, and he was soon a fervid supporter of the French Revolution. Compelled to return to England for lack of means, he settled with his sister Dorothy at Racedown in Dorsetshire. Here Wordsworth made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and together they planned the volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, issued in 1798. Wordsworth's contributions included his splendid confession of poetic faith, *Lines written above Tintern Abbey*.

In 1799 Wordsworth moved to Grasmere and began a long home-life of half a century, and for the next thirty years a constant stream of poetry issued from Grasmere and Rydal Mount. Though Wordsworth is pre-eminently the poet of Nature, he wrote very little poetry of sheer natural description : nature is always the background for the study of man. His most sustained effort is *The Excursion* (1814), with the introductory *Prelude*, an account of his own development as man and as poet. Once he essayed the romantic style of Scott, in the *White Doe of Rylstone*, but the whole subject was alien to him. The Sonnets issued at various periods in his life are unequal, but many reach the summit of

perfection Of Wordsworth's other poems we can only name *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, *Ode to Duty* *The Character of a Happy Warrior*, *The Leech Gatherer*, *She was a Phantom*, *The Highland Peaper*

Wordsworth died in 1850 having held the laureateship from the death of Southey in 1843

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety

5

MILTON

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour
England hath need of thee she is a fen
Of stagnant waters altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness We're selfish men
Oh' raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners virtue, freedom, power
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea!
Pure as the naked heavens majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart
The lowest duties on itself did lay

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INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY
FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,

25

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

30

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the Rose,

The Moon doth with delight

35

Look round her when the heavens are bare,

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth ;

But yet I know, where'er I go,

40

That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief :

45

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong :

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;

I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,

50

The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay ;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

55

Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—

Thou Child of Joy

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy !

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make, I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee,
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,

This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are calling
 On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm —

I hear I hear with joy I hear!

—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon
 Both of them speak of something that is gone.

The Pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy,

But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy,

The Youth, who daily farther from the east

Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,

And by the vision splendid

Is on his way attended,

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At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,

The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,

100

Forget the glories he hath known,

And that imperial palace whence he came.

105

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,

110

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

115

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the Children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

120

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !

And let the young Lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound !

125

We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May !

130

What though the radiance which was once so bright 135
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,

We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind, 140
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be,
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death, 145

In years that bring the philosophic mind

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills and Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might,
 I only have relinquished one delight 150

To live beneath your more habitual sway

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they,
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet, 155

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,

Another race hath been and other palms are won

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears 160

Ode to Duty

Stern Daughter of the voice of God !

O Duty ! if that name thou love 165

Who art a light to guide, a rod

To check the erring, and reprove,

Thou, who art victory and law

When empty terrors overawe,

From vain temptations dost set free,

And calm st the weary strife of frail humanity ! 170

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth : 175
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright, 180
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold, 185
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide, 190
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may. 195

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control ;
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ; 200
 I feel the weight of chance desires :
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ; 205
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong, 210
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
 and strong

To humbler functions, awful Power!
 I call thee I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour,
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self sacrifice,
 The confidence of reason give,
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself,
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain,
 O listen! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old unhappy, far off things,
 And battles long ago

210

215

220

225

230

235

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again?

240

· Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

245

250

From "SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE."

Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that Summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.

255

—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!
Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young Bird that is distrest;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play
When faleous were abroad for prey.

260

265

A recreant harp that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long.
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy youth,
And thankful through a weary time,

270

That brought him up to manhood's prime.

275

—Again he wanders forth at will,

And tends a flock from hill to hill

His garb is humble, ne'er was seen

Such garb with such a noble mien,

Among the shepherd grooms no mate

Hath he a Child of strength and state?

280

Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,

Nor yet for higher sympathy

To his sole the fallow deer

Came and rested without fear,

The eagle lord of land and sea,

285

Stooped down to pay him fealty,

And both the undying fish that swim

Through Bowscale tarn did wait on him,

The pair were servants of his eye

In their immortality

290

And glancing gleaming dark or bright,

Moved to and fro for his delight

He knew the rocks which Angels haunt

Upon the mountains visitant,

He hath kenned them taking wing

295

And into caves where Faeries sing

He hath entered and been told

By Voices how men lived of old

Among the heavens his eye can see

The fate of thing that is to be,

300

And if that men report him right,

His tongue could whisper words of might

From LINES WRITTEN NEAR TINTERN ABBEY"

For I have learned

To look on Nature not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth but bearing oftentimes

The still sad music of humanity.

Nor harsh nor grating though of ample power

To chasten and subdue And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy

305

Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime 310
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit that impels 315
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows, and the woods
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world 320
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
 In Nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul 325
 Of all my moral being.

And this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray 330
 The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men. 335
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. 340

✓ THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon, 345
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up gathered now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune,
 It moves us not — Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn. 350
 So might I standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1802

Earth has not any thing to show more fair 355
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning, silent, bare,
 Ships towers domes, theatres, and temples lie 360
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill,
 Ne'er saw I never felt, a calm so deep! 365
 The river glideth at his own sweet will
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM
ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES

A Trouble not of clouds, or weeping rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light 370
 Engendered hangs o'er Eldon's triple heigh
 Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
 For kindred Power departing from their sight,
 While Tweed best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again 375

Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true, 380
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !

COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE was born in 1772, and educated at Christ's Hospital and at Jesus College, Cambridge. His early life was filled with enthusiasm for the Revolutionary movement, and found vent in the *Religious Musings*. In 1795 he made the acquaintance of Wordsworth, and together they planned the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), to which Coleridge contributed *The Ancient Mariner*. About this time he wrote the odes *To the Departing Year* and *To France*, the visionary fragment of *Kubla Khan*, and *Christabel*. In his later life Coleridge devoted himself almost entirely to prose, and gave us much illuminating criticism of poetry and the drama, and a large volume of philosophical work. He died at Highgate in 1834.

From "CHRISTABEL."

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love 5
 Doth work like madness on the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother : 10
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !

But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
 A dreary sea now flows between
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been

15

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure dome decree
 Where Alph the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea

20

So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round
 And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossomed many an incense bearing tree,
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

25

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedar cover!
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon lover!

30

And from this chasm with ceaseless tumult seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing
 A mighty fountain momently was forced
 Amid whose swift half intermittent burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail
 And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momently the sacred river
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean

40

45

And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

50

55

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

60

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,

That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,

65

That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !

And all who heard should see them there,

And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !

His flashing eyes, his floating hair !

Weave a circle round him thrice,

70

And close your eyes with holy dread,

For he on honey dew hath fed,

And drunk the milk of Paradise.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say ? The Sparrow, the Dove
The Linnet and Thrush say, " I love and I love ! " 75
In winter they're silent—the wind is so strong ;
What it says I don't know—but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together.

But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
 The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
 That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—
 “I love my Love, and my Love loves me!”

80

FRANCE

A RECENTATION

Ye Clouds' that far above me float and pause,
 Whose pathless march no mortal may control!

85

Ye Ocean Waves' that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
 Yield homage only to eternal laws!

Ye Woods' that listen to the night birds singing,
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
 Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
 Have made a solemn music of the wind!

90

Where like a man beloved of God,
 Through glooms which never woodman trod,
 How oft, pursuing fancies holy,

My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
 Inspired beyond the guess of folly,

95

By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
 O ye loud Waves' and O ye Forests high!

And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
 Thou rising Sun' thou blue rejoicing Sky!

100

Yea every thing that is and will be free'
 Bear witness for me wheresoe'er ye be,
 With what deep worship I have still adored
 The spirit of divinest Liberty

From THE ANCIENT MARINER," Part II

“ Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean

105

" Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

110

" The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

115

" About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

120

" And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he hath followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

" And every tongue, through utter drought, 125
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

" Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

130

Part III.

" There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

135

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist,
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape I wist

140

' A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared
As if it dodged a water sprite
It plunged and tacked and veered.

143

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm I sucked the blood,
And cried A sail, a sail!

150

' With throats unslack'd with black lips baked
Agape they heard me call
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all

155

' See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more
Hither to work us weal —
Without a breeze without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

160

"The western wave was all a flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly

165

Betwixt us and the Sun

' And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face

170

“ Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears !
 Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres ?

“ Are those her ribs through which the Sun 175
 Did peer, as through a grate ?
 And is that Woman all her crew ?
 Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
 Is Death that woman’s mate ?

“ Her lips were red, her looks were free, 180
 Her locks were yellow as gold :
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thickens man’s blood with cold.

“ The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice ;
 ‘ The game is done ! I’ve won ! I’ve won ! ’
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice. 185

“ The Sun’s rim dips ; the stars rush out :
 At one stride comes the dark ;
 With far-heard whisper, o’er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark. 190

“ We listened and looked sideways up !
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip ! 195
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman’s face by his lamp gleam’d white ;
 From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The horned Moon, with one bright star 200
 Within the nether tip.

“ One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,

Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
An I cursed me with his eye

225

' Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sib nor gron)
With heavy thump a hiss-as lump,
They dropped down one by one

The souls did from their bodies fly —
They fled to bliss or woe?
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross bow! '

220

Part IV

I fear thee ancient Mariner
I fear thy skinny hand
And thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea sand

225

I fear thee and thy glittering eye
And thy skinny hand so brown —
Fear not fear not thou Welling Guest!
This body dropt not down

220

Alone alone all ill alone
Alone in a wide wide sea
And I never a soul took pity on
My soul in a soul

225

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on and so did I

I looked upon the rotting sea
And drew my eyes away
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay

230

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust."

235

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,"
And the dead were at my feet.

241

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot or reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

245

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more terrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!"
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

250

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—
Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread:
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

255

260

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And, when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

265

" Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam, and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire

270

" O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware

275

" The selfsame moment I could pray,
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off and sank
 Like lead into the sea "

280

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT

Its balmy lips the infant blest
 Relaxing from its mother's breast,
 How sweet it heaves the happy sigh
 Of innocent satiety!

285

And such my infant's latest sigh!
 O tell, rude stone! the passer by,
 That here the pretty babe doth lie,
 Death sang to sleep with lullaby

SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843) was in early life an ardent sympathiser with the French Revolution, and was filled with romantic ideas. He wrote long and extravagant epics—*Thalaba*, *The Curse of Kehama*, *Madoc*, *Don Roderrick*. Southey was more successful in short poems, such as the ballads of *Rudiger*, and *Lord William*. Nevertheless his fame will live chiefly by his excellent and popular biographies; more especially those of Nelson, Wesley, and Henry Kirke White. In all alike he is generous and sympathetic.

STANZAS ON HIS LIBRARY.

My days among the Dead are past:
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old ;
 My never failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
 I live in long-past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead, anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all Futurity ;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

5

10

15

20

LANDOR.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1861) was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College Oxford. He commenced to write in 1796, but his earlier works, *Gebir* and *Count Julian* met with little success. His best work is the prose *Imaginary Conversations* (1824-9), which, with the *Examination of Shakespeare* (1834), *Torquato Tasso* and *Aspicia* (1836) and the *Pentameron* (1837) constitutes his chief title to fame. His poetry is little read but has been highly praised by a few critics.

ROSE AYLMER

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakful eyes
May weep but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee

5

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20

ALCIPHRON AND LEUCIPPE

An ancient chestnut's blossoms threw
Their heavy odour over two
Leucippe it is said was one,
The other then was Alciphron

Come come! why shoul I we stand beneath
This hollow tree's unwholesome breath"
Said Alciphron, " here's not a blade
Of grass or moss an I scanty shade
Come, it is just the hour to rove
In the lone dingle shepherds love
There straight and till the hazel twig
Divides the crooked rock held fig,

O'er the blue pebbles where the rill
 In winter runs, and may run still,
 Come, then, while fresh and calm the air,
 And while the shepherds are not there."

Leucippe.

But I would rather go when they
 Sit round about and sing and play. 25
 Then why so hurry me? for you
 Like play and song and shepherds too.

Alciphron.

I like the shepherds very well,
 And song and play, as you can tell.
 But there is play I sadly fear,
 And song I would not have you hear. 30

Leucippe.

What can it be? what can it be?

Alciphron.

To you may none of them repeat
 The play that you have played with me,
 The song that made your bosom beat. 35

Leucippe.

Don't keep your arm about my waist.

Alciphron.

Might you not stumble?

Leucippe.

Well then, do,
 But why are we in all this haste?

Alciphron

To sing

Lescippe

Alas ! and not play too ?

40

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

I entreat you Alfred Tennyson,
 Come and share my haunch of venison.
 I have too a bin of claret,
 Good, but better when you share it
 Tho 'tis only a small bin,
 There's a stock of it within.
 And as sure as I'm a rhymer,
 Half a butt of Rüdesheimer
 Come, among the sons of men is one
 Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson ?

45

50

SCOTT.

Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and early showed his keen literary and antiquarian tastes. In 1802 he issued his collection of *Border Minstrelsy* and in 1803 published his first metrical romance, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. This was followed by *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Lord of the Isles*, and some others. In 1811 Scott, whose fame as an author of verse romances had been partially eclipsed by that of Byron, turned to prose and issued *Waverley* the first of a series of twenty nine novels. The series was immediately successful and secured Scott a high position in the world of literary excellence. The last years of Scott were troubled by pecuniary embarrassment, and under the strain of incessant writing his health gave way. He died at Abbotsford in September 1832.

LOCHINVAR.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word.)
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

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30

So stately his form and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace,
 While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
 And the bride maidens whisper'd, " 'Twere better by far 35
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood
 near

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 40
 "She is won' we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur,
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Loch
 invar

There was mounting mong Graemes of the Netherby clan,
 Forsters Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and they ran
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, 45
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SONG (*from "Marmion"*)

Where shall the lover rest,

Whom the fates sever

From his true maiden's breast,

Parted for ever?

Where through groves deep and high,

Sounds the far billow,

Where early violets die,

Under the willow

50

55

CHORUS

Eleu loro, etc Soft shall be his pillow

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving ;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving ;
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never !

60

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never !

65

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her ?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingle war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.

70

Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying.

75

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 Ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it,
 Never, O never !

80

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never !

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke, 85
 " Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be
 broke ;
 So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men, 90
 Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat,
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
 The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee" 96
 Come fill up my cup, etc

As he rode down the sanctified bents of the Bow,
 Ill carline was flying and shaking her pow',
 But the young plants of grace they look'd confbie and slee,
 Thinking, " Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!" 101
 Come fill up my cup, etc

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd
 As if half the West had set tryst to be haug'd,
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
 As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee 106
 Come fill up my cup, etc

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers,
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee 111
 Come fill up my cup, etc

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke,
 Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee" 116
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
 " Where er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee 120
 Come fill up my cup, etc

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
 There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times three,
 Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. 126

Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
 The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free, 130
 At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

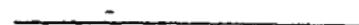
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee, 135
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
 The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee, 140
 Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
 Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
 For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee! 145



BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in 1788 and was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. His *Hours of Idleness* (1807) was contemptuously reviewed by Jeffrey in 1807, and this called forth *English Lords and Scotch Reviewers* (1809), a vigorous satire. Byron now began to travel, and in 1812 published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. This was followed by a series of metrical romances of passion, including *The Giaour*, *The Corsair* and *Lara*. Byron had now made his home abroad and in 1817 found his true vein in *Beppo*, a serio comic poem in the Italian manner, which was far surpassed by *Don Juan* (1819-21). Of his dramas *Cain* and *Manfred* are the finest. In 1824 Byron died at Missolonghi from a fever caught while he was championing the cause of Greek independence.

THE OCEAN

(From "Childe Harold")

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can never express, yet cannot all conceal

5

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore, upon the watery plain

10

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, 15
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise 20
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies 25
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals, 30
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar 35
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey 40
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now. 45

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests in all time—
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime, 50
 The image of Eternity, the throne
 Of the Invisible even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made, each zone
 Obeys thee, thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy 55
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne like thy bubbles, onward from a boy
 I wanted with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight, and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—twas a pleasing fear, 60
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here

LIBERTY

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art 65
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind,
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom.
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom, 70
 And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod, 75
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, 80
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown. 85

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide, 90
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ; 95
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal !
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword, 100
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

“ SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.”

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright

Meet in her aspect and her eyes
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day deems

105

One shade the more, one ray the less
Half half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face
Where thou, "tis serenely sweet express
How pure how dear their dwelling place.

110

And on that cheek and o'er that brow,
So soft so calm yet eloquent
The smiles that win the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent
A mind at peace with all below
A heart whose love is innocent

115

From Dow Jones

We learn from Horace Homer sometimes sleeps , 120
We feel without him Wordsworth sometimes wakes—
To show with what complacency he creeps
With his dear ' Waggons' around his likes
He wishes for a boat to sail the deeps—
Of ocean — No of air and then he makes 125
Another outcry for a little boat
And drivels seis to set it well afloat

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain
And Pegasus runs restive in his "Waggon"
Could he not be, the Joan of Charles's Wain ?

130

Or pray Medea for a single dragon ?
Or if too classic for his vulgar brain

He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon ?

135

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggons!" Oh! ye shades
 Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
 That trash of such sort not alone evades
 Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
 Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack Cades 140
 Of sense and song above your graves may hiss!—
 The "little boatman," and his "Peter Bell,"
 Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!"

* * * * *

If ever I should condescend to prose,
 I'll write poetical commandments, which 145
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
 That went before; in these I shall enrich
 My text with many things that no one knows,
 And carry precept to the highest pitch:
 I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,
 Or, Every Poet his own Aristotle." 150

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey;
 Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
 The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy:
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope, 156
 And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy:
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
 Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

There be none of Beauty's daughters 160
 With a magic like thee;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me:
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmèd ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming. 165
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weeping
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,
 Whose breast is gently heaving.

170

As an infant's asleep
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean

175

"ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY SIXTH YEAR."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it has ceased to move,
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf,
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone'

180

The fire that on my bosom prev's
 Is lone as some volcanic isle,
 No torch is kindled at the blaze—
 A funeral pile!

185

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain

190

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow

195

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece, around me see !
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake !) 200

Awake, my spirit ! Think through *whom*
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood !—unto thee 205
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live ?*
 The land of honourable death
 Is here :—up to the field, and give 210
 Away thy breath ! .

Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest. 215

From "THE CORSAIR."

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
 Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light !
 O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws, 220
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows
 Descending fast, the mount in shadows kiss
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !
 Their azure arches through the long expanse
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance, 225
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven.

HUNT.

LUTHER HUNT (1784-1859) was educated at Christ's Hospital and early took to literature and journalism. In 1816 he issued his *Story of Romeo*, remarkable for its free use of the heroic couplet. Throughout his life Hunt was an ardent politician, and edited several papers, such as *The Examiner*, *The Indicator*, and *The Liberal* in the interest of the extreme Radicals. Hunt was incapable of any great or sustained effort, and is at his best in such short but perfect poems as *Abou ben Adhem* and the *Nile Sonnet*.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An Angel writing in a book of gold 5
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The Vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord" 10
 "And is mine one?" said Abou "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the Angel Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men"
 The Angel wrote and vanished The next night 15
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest

CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844) was born and educated at Glasgow. He acquired an early mastery of rhetorical phrase and resonant rhythm, and in 1799 issued his polished *Pleasures of Hope*. Campbell now fell under the spell of ballad poetry and wrote his three great battle-lyrics, *The Mariners of England*, *Hohenlinden*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, and many ballads, some of which are popular to this day, such as *Lord Ullin's Daughter*. His only other sustained effort was the metrical romance, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a feeble narrative poem in the Spenserian stanza.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's Crown ;
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ; 5
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand ;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Hearts of Oak ! our captain cried when each gun
 From its adamantine lips
 Spread a death shade round the ships, 25
 Like the hurricane ecl pse
 Of the sun !

Again ! again ! again !
 And the lavoe did not slack
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane 30
 To our cheering sent us back —
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom —
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail,
 Or in conflagration pale 35
 Light the gloom !

Out spoke the victor then
 As he haul d them o'er the wave
 Ye are brothers ! we are men !
 And we conquer but to save ! — 40
 So peace instead of death let us bring
 But yield proud foe thy fleet
 With thy crews at England's feet
 And make submission meet
 To our King 45

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
 That I gave her wounds repose
 And the sound is of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose
 As death withdrew his shades from the day 50
 While the sun look'd smiling—bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away !

Now joy Old England raise
 For the tidings of thy might
 By the festal cities blaze
 While the wine cup shines in light— 55

And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

60

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant, good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

65

70

MEN OF ENGLAND.

Men of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood :—

75

By the foes you've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won !

80

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

85

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws,
 And the breasts of civic heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause

90

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a hundred Agincourts!

95

We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crowned and mitred tyranny,
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthrights—so will we!

100

MOORE

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852) was born of poor parents in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College. In 1797 he came to London and soon engaged in literary work. In 1807 he began the successive series of *Irish Melodies* which won him fame and fortune during the next thirty years, they include such well known lyrics as *Lesbia hath a beaming eye* and *The Young May Moon*. In 1817 Moore published his *Lalla Rookh*, an Oriental tale, narrated with much richness of imagery and smoothness of versification. In later life Moore turned to political and general satire. His *Fudge Family in Paris* (the Briton abroad) still lives by reason of its delightful humour and its successful treatment of a theme of perennial interest.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him,
 His father's sword he has girded on—
 And his wild harp slung behind him—
 ' Land of song!' said the warrior baird,
 ' Though all the world betray thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

5

The minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ; 10
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, “ No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery !
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free, 15
 They shall never sound in slavery ! ”

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh ! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd ? 20
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ; 25
 Every thought of my reason was thine ;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see ; 30
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

“ And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel
 in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels
 and with dances.”—Exod. xv. 20.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free.

Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken, 35
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
 How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud tumbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free 40

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
 His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!—
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of glory, 45
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide
 Sound the loud tumbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free

SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born in 1792 and educated at Eton and Oxford. From the latter he was expelled on a charge of atheism, and now he began a life of wandering, spent chiefly on the Continent. His first work was *Queen Mab*, a somewhat formless poem of revolt, followed by *Alastor* (1812), *The Revolt of Islam* (1817), a romance of revolution, *Julian and Maddalo*, the monument of his friendship with Byron, his two great dramas, *Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci*, the lyric drama of *Hellas* (1821) celebrating the freedom of Greece and *Adonais*, an elegy on the death of Keats. Shelley was also the author of many short lyrics among which we can only mention the odes *To a Skylark*, *To the West Wind*, *To the Cloud*. Shelley met his death by drowning at Lerici, on the bay of Spezzia, in 1822.

TO NIGHT

Swiftly wall over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,— 5
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

SONG from "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender,
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest

40

Walk upon the winds with lightness
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

45

To A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art

50

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

55

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun

60

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight

65

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there

70

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not; 76
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,

As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

80

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

85

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower. 90

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the
 view.

95

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
 thieves:

100

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain awakened flowers
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass 105

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 110

We look before and after
 And pine for what is not
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

Yet if we could scorn 116
 Hate, and pride and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever could come near 120

Better than all measures
 Of delight and sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 125

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now 130

SONG.

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

135

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

140

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

145

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure,
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure,
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

150

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight!
 The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
 And the starry night;
 Autumn evening, and the morn
 When the golden mists are born.

155

160

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost,
 I love waves and winds and storms,
 Everything almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery,

165

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
 As is quiet, wise and good,
 Between thee and me
 What difference? but thou dost possess
 The things I seek, not love them less,

170

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
 But above all other things,
 Spirit I love thee—
 Thou art love and life! O come,
 Make once more my heart thy home

175

ADONAI'S

The One remains, the many change and pass,
 Heaven's light for ever shines Earth's shadows fly,
 Life like a dome of many coloured glass, 181
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments—Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
 Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky, 185
 Flowers ruins statues music, words are weak.
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
 Thy hopes are gone before from all things here
 They have departed, thou shouldst now depart! 190
 A light is passed from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman, and what still is dear

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
 'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither, 195
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love 200
 Which, through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality. 205

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng.
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
 The massy earth and sphered skies are riven! 210
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are

AUTUMN : A DIRGE.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing, 215
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
 And the year
 On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
 Is lying.
 Come, months, come away, 220
 From November to May,
 In your saddest array;
 Follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre. 225

The chill rain is falling, the mpt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling the thunder is knelling

For the year,

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling,

230

Come months, come away,
Put on white black and grey,
Let your light sisters play—
Ye follow the bier
Of the dead cold year

235

And make her grave green with tear on tear

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams

240

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun

I wield the flail of the lashing hail
And whiten the green plains under,

245

And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder

I sift the snow on the mountains below,

And their great pines groan aghast,
And all the night 'tis my pillow white

250

While I sleep in the arms of the blast
Subhme on the towers of my skyey bowers,

Lightning my pilot sits

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,

255

It struggles and howls at fits,

Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ; 260
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile, 265
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead. 270
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love, 276
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on my airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove. 280

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the heat of her unseen feet, 285
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees, 290
When I widen the rent of my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

- I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone, 295
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl,
 The volcanoes are dim and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape, 300
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam proof I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair. 305
 Is the million-coloured bow
 The sphere fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below
- I am the daughter of earth and water, 310
 And the nursing of the sky
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
 I change, but I cannot die
 For after the rain, when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air, 315
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph
 And out of the caverns of rain
 Like a child from the womb like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and upbuild it again 320
-

KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born in London in 1795, and after an unsuccessful attempt to prepare himself for a surgeon, took to literature. His first great poem was *Endymion* (1818), harshly reviewed by the great quarterlies. In 1820 he issued a second volume containing, amongst others, *Isabella*, *Eve of St. Agnes*, *Lamia*, the odes *To a Nightingale*, *On a Grecian Urn*, *To Autumn*, in fact nearly all his finest work. Keats died of consumption at Rome in 1821, leaving the unfinished poem of *Hyperion*, a Miltonic fragment, describing the overthrow of the Titans.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

In the spring of 1819, a nightingale built her nest next Mr. Bovin's house. Keats took great pleasure in her song, and one morning took his chair from the breakfast-table to the grass plot under a plum tree, where he remained between two and three hours. He then reached the house with some scraps of paper in his hand, which he soon put together in the form of this Ode.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

5

10

10

15

15

15

20

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs, 25
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies,
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to morrow 30

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
 Already with thee! tender is the night, 35
 And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays,
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet, 41
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild, 45
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine,
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves,
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves 50

Darkling I listen, and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme
 To take into the air my quiet breath,
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55

To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !

Still wouldest thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

60

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !

No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

65

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;

The same that oft-times hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

70

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self.

Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades

75

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :

Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?

Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

80

ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness !

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape

85

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?

What men or gods are these ? What maidens loath ?

What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?

What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

90

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave 95
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare,
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve,
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! 100

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu,
 And happy melodist unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new,
 More happy love! more happy, happy love! 105
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting and for ever young,
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high sorrowful and eloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue, 110

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest
 Lead st thou that heifer lowing at the shie,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea shore, 115
 Or mountain built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And little town thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return. 120

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed,
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity Cold Pastoral! 125

When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. 130

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
 With anguish moist and fever-dew;
 And on thy cheek a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery's child;
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild. 145

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan. 150

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long;
 For sideways would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna dew;
 And sure in language strange she said,
 "I love thee true." 155

XXXIII

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress, 225
 And listening to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness,
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
 And breathed himself then from the closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness, 230
 And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
 And 'twen the curtains peeped, where, lo! how
 fast she slept

XXX

Then by the bedside where the fated moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon 235
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettledrum, and far heard clarionet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone 240
 The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone

XXX

And still she slept an azure lulled sleep,
 In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered,
 While he forth from the closet brought a beap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd, 245
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon,
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
 From Fez and spiced dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon 250

XXXI

These delicies he heaped with glowing hand
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright
 Of wreathed silver sumptuous they stand
 In the retired quiet of the night,

Filling the chilly room with perfume light. 255
 "And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in 1800, and educated privately and at Trinity, Cambridge. He entered political life, but his tastes were largely historical and literary. His *Essays*, published in book-form in 1843, were collected from his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. About the same time he issued his spirited *Lays of Ancient Rome*. The first two volumes of his *History of England* were published in 1848, the fifth and last in 1859, the year of his death. Macaulay is an incomparable master of style, and never has history been made more fascinating than it was by him.

IVRY, OR THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters. 5

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre. 10

Oh! how our hearts were beating when at the dawn of day

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priestly citizens and all its rebel peers
And Appenzel's stout infantry and Egmont's Flemish spears

There rode the brood of false Lorraine the curses of our land

And dark Mayenne was in the midst a truncheon in his hand

And as we looked on them we thought of Deince's em purpled flood

And good Coligny's hoary hair all daubed with his blood
And we cried unto the living God who rules the fate of war

To fight for His own holy name and Henry of Navarre 20

The King is come to marshal us in all his armour drest
And he has bound a snow white plume upon his gallant crest

He looked upon his people and a tear was in his eye,
He looked upon the traitors and his glance was stern and high

Right graciously he smiled on us as rolled from wing to wing

Down all our line a leafemin about God save our Lord the King 25

And if my standard bearer fall as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet at such a bloody fray,
Press where we see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war

And be your chivalry to day the helmet of Navarre" 30

Hurrah! the foes are in van Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed and trumpet and drum and roaring cul verin

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Amand's plain
With all the birels of his dry of Guelders and Almavae
Now by the lips of those we love fair gentlemen of France
Charge for the golden hilts — upon them with the lance

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest :
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath turned his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.⁴¹

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van, "Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.⁴⁶

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe : Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go." Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war, As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day :⁵¹

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey. But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;

And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white. Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,⁵⁵

The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host may know How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His Church such woe ;

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.⁶⁰

Ho! maidens of Vienna, ho! matrons of Lucerne,
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
 return
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spir-
 men's souls
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
 bright,
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
 night
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
 the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the
 brave
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are,
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre

BEDDOES

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES was born in July 1803 and was educated at Oxford. His first work was a play *The Bride's Tragedy*, published in 1822. He died in 1849 after a wandering and eventful life spent chiefly on the Continent. His principal work, *Death's Jest Book*, on which he had spent twenty years, was published after his death.

DREAM PEDLARY

If there were dreams to sell,
 What would you buy?
 Some cost a passing bell,
 Some a light sigh
 That shakes from Life a fresh crown
 Only a rose leaf down
 If there were dreams to sell,
 Merry and sad to tell,
 And the crier rung the bell,
 What would you buy?

5

10

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
 Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.

Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
 Fain would I shake me down.
 Were dreams to have at will,
 This would best heal my ill,
 This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell,

Ill didst thou buy ;
 Life is a dream, they tell,
 Waking, to die.

Dreaming, a dream to prize,
 Is wishing ghosts to rise ;
 And, if I had the spell
 To call the buried—well,
 Which one would I ?

15

20

25

KINGSLEY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-75) was educated at King's College, London, and Magdalene, Cambridge. In 1844 he became vicar of Eversley, Hampshire, and at the time of the disturbances of 1848 became an ardent advocate of the popular movement. In support of it he wrote *Alton Locke and Yeast*. Other famous novels of his are *Westward Ho!*, *Hypatia*, *Two Years Ago* and *Hereward the Wake*. It is as a teacher of lofty social morality, both in sermons and in novels, that Kingsley will live.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down ;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town ;

For men must work, and women must weep
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning

5

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down, 9
They looked at the squall and they looked at the shower
And the night rack came rolling up rugged and brown
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep
And the harbour bar be moaning

Three corpses lay out on the shuning sands
In the morning; gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town,
For men must work and women must weep
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep, 20
And good bye to the bar and its moaning

15

20

A FAREWELL

My fairest child I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey
Yet ere we part one lesson I can leave you
For every day

25

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown

Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble deeds not dream them all day long
And so make life death and that vast for-ever
One grand sweet song

30

SONG FROM "THE WATER BABIES."

When all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green,
 And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen,
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away;
 Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day.

35

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown;
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down;
 Creep home, and take your place there,
 The spent and maimed among:
 God grant you find one face there
 You loved when all was young.

40

45

Song from "THE WATER BABIES"

I.

"Soft soft wind, from out the sweet south sliding,
 Waft thy silver cloud-webs athwart the summer sea; 50
 Thin thin threads of mist on dewy fingers twining
 Weave a veil of dappled gauze to shade my babe and me.

II.

"Deep deep Love, within thine own abyss abiding,
 Pour Thysel abroad, O Lord, on earth and air and sea; 55
 Worn weary hearts within Thy holy temple hiding,
 Shield from sorrow, sin, and shame my helpless babe and me."

ODE TO THE NORTH EAST WIND

- Welcome wild North easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr 60
 Ne'er a verse to thee
Welcome black North easter!
 Over the German foam
 Over the Danish moorlands
 From thy frozen home 65
Tired we are of summer
 Tired of gaudy glare
Showers soft and steaming
 Hot and breathless air
Tirel of listless drowsing
 Through the lazy day
Jovial wind of winter
 Turns us out to play
Sweep the golden reed beds,
 Crisp the lacy dyke 75
Hunger into maleness
 Every plunging pike
Fill the lake with will fowl
 Fill the marsh with snipe
While on dreary moorlands 80
 Lonely curlew pipe
Through the black fir forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow flakes
 Off the curdled sky
Hark! The brave North easter!
 Breast high lies the scent
On by holt and headland,
 Over heath and bent
Chime ye dappled darlings
 Through the sleet and snow 90
Who can over ride you?
 Let the horses go!

- Chime, ye dappled darlings,* 95
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing 100
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes. 105
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ? 110
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled, 115
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward, 120
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Viking's blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God ! 125

HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845) early became a popular journalist. Ruined by the failure of a firm, he retired to Germany in 1835 to pay off all debts by rigid economy without becoming bankrupt. By 1841 he was back in London editing magazines, and in 1844 he was given a well earned pension, but he died of consumption next year.

He wrote some beautiful romantic poetry—the *Fairies of the Mud*, *Summer Fairies* and *Lycus the Centaur*—but is most famous for his comic and satiric verse and for his humanitarian masterpieces the *Bridge of Sighs* and *Song of the Shirt*.

DEATH & HAMBLE

One day the dreary old King of Death
Inchanted for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pick of darts on his bick,
And quietly stole from his charnel

His head was bold of flesh and of hair, 5
His body was lean and lank
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cut
Took a gnaw, by the wth, at his shank

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spilt man's blood, and he kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own 10

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh
(For the man was a coffin ninker)
I think how the mutes, and men in black suits 15
Would mourn for an undertaker

Brother to attack existing strife,
—
— "We all think different,"
At the last, them alone, the dragon of strife,
For he is still a frost, them other.

27

He can't do it, he's not fit to fight,
In fact they're all that and fit,
And he's still another dragon of strife,
They never will shake him off.

27

He can't make his last lie in his box,
And he's got a lot more;
And I think he may be glad to think, for his sleep
Can never be quiet now.

27

He's not a cold, undriving frost,
Now, that has for you a fit;
But he's still a dragon of the cold, always,
For he's always there in the yard.

27

Brother to a fellow in taking a toll,
In the spirit of the fact, it's fit;
Brother to him, that's part of the world, fit,
The dragon could call him fit.

27

He's not a cold, undriving frost,
But he's still a dragon of the fact,
For he's still a dragon of the cold, fit,
The dragon could call him fit.

27

Brother to a man of cold, I don't know who,
And I don't know what he does,
But he's still a dragon of the cold, fit,
The dragon could call him fit.

27

Brother to a man of cold, I don't know who,
And I don't know what he does,
But he's still a dragon of the cold, fit,
The dragon could call him fit.

27

He saw a sailor mixing his grog
 And he mark'd him out for slaughter
 For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
 And never on rum and water

50

Death saw two players playing at cards
 But the game wasn't worth a dump
 For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
 To wait for the final trump'

55

THE DEATHBED

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro

60

So silently we seem'd to speak
 So always in silence about
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out

Our very hopes belied our fears
 Our fears our hopes belied—
 We thought her living when she slept
 And sleeping when she died

65

For when the morn came dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours

70

FLOWERS

I will not have the maid Clytie
 Whose head is turn'd by the sun,
 The tulip is a courtly queen
 Whom therefore I will shun,

75

The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun ;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

85

The peacock is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And claps her rings on every hand ;
The wolfsbane I should dread :
Nor will I dreary rosemary,
That always mourns the dead ;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

85

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me.—
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree ;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betroth'd to the bee ;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

95

95

— * — * — * —

E. B. BROWNING.

— * — * — * —

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was born in Herefordshire in 1806. In 1846 she married the poet Robert Browning, and in 1850 gave birth to a son, and perhaps the finest child, George Henry. Her other poems are very worth a *Selectra* from the *Flowers*, remarkable for depth of thought, beauty of expression, and variety of diction. She is one of the cultivators, a powerful representative of the school of Italy, old and new, and several of her especially popular poems are translations of Italian unity, *Il Principe del Popolo*, and *Il Signor della Selva*, the two entitled *Flowers*. See her *Flowers* at Florence in 1861.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
 Face to face silent drawing nigh and nearer,
 Until the lengthening wings break into fire
 At either curved point —what bitter wrong
 Can the earth do to us, that we should not long 5
 Be here contented? Think! In mounting higher,
 The angels would press on us and aspire
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song
 Into our deep dear silence. Let us stay
 Rather on earth Beloved —where the unfit 10
 Contrarious moods of men recoil away
 And isolate pure spirits and permit
 A place to stand and love in for a day,
 With darkness and the death hour rounding it

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways 15
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace
 I love thee to the level of everyday's
 Most quiet need by sun and candlelight 20
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right,
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs and with my childhood's faith
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose 25
 With my lost saints —I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! —and if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death

A YEAR'S SPINNING

He listened at the porch that day,
 To hear the wheel go on and on 30
 And then it stopped ran back away,
 While through the door he brought the sun
 But now my spinning is all lone

- How could I be more with you both
That have given me so much love and
I could do so much for both. 33
With you in the earth for only one
And leave my children all alone.
- My dearest mother that I have lost
As you said "we must part from you"
To make me a mother for the world.
But I have caused all this sorrow
And now my training is all done.
- I thought of telling my fresh burying
Before you to turn our world around. 43
I often I imagine to myself
It was the last time to be on ground
And now my training is all done.
- But you left my mother's grave
We were very young and death did not care
And you could not live that long.
With your words "you will not return"
And now my training is all done.
- A stone upon my father and I had,
But for the written on the stone!
Sweet it is, very pleasant,
"The sweetest, and fairest gem
As I ever saw, my mother is all gone."
- And I in the tomb of your kin,
In a cold, cold place by stones
The softest, and fairest gem
As I ever saw, my mother is all gone.

THE FORCED RECRUIT

SOLFERINO, 1859

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
 He died with his face to you all,
 Let bury him here where around him
 You honour your bravest that fall

Venetian, fair featured and slender,
 He was shot to death in his youth,
 With a smile on his lips over tender
 For any mere soldier's dead mouth

No stranger and yet not a traitor
 Though alien the cloth on his breast
 Underneath it how seldom a greater
 Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
 To march with them stand in their file,
 His musket (see) never was loaded
 He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
 He yearned to your patriot bands,—
 "Let me die for our Italy brothers,
 If not in your ranks by your hands!"

"Aim straightly fire steadily! spare me
 A ball in the body which may
 Deliver my heart here, and tear me
 This halter of the Austrian away!"

So thought he so died he this morning;
 What then many others have died!
 Aye, but easy for men to the scorning
 The death stroke, who fought side by side—

65

70

75

80

85

90

One tricolor floating above them ;
 Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
 Of an Italy rescued to love them
 And blazon the brass with their names.

95

But he,—without witness or honour,
 Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
 With the tyrants who march in upon her,
 Died faithful and passive : 'twas hard.

"Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
 Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
 With most filial obedience, conviction,
 His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

100

That moves you ? Nay, grudge not to show it,
 While digging a grave for him here :
 The others who died, says your poet,
 Have glory,—let *him* have a tear.

105

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's
 decaying ;
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their
 praying.
 Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish :
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her
 anguish.

111

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless
 singing !
 O Christians, at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was
 clinging !
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned only while he taught you peace, and died while ye
 were smiling !

115

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming
tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one sweet sounds and wandering
lights departed
He wore no less a loving face because so broken hearted,

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration,
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God
hath taken

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon
him,—

With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven
hath won him,

Who suffered once the madness cloud to His own love to
blind him

But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could
find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic
senses

As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a
slumber

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home
caresses

Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses
The very world by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways
removing

Its women and its men became beside him, true and loving
And though, in blindness he remained unconscious of that
guiding

And things provided came without the sweet sense of
providing

He testified this solemn truth while frenzy desolated
—Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she
 blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
 kisses,—
That turns his fevered eyes around—“ My mother ! where's
 my mother ? ”—
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any
 other ! —

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending
 o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she
 bore him ! —
Thus, woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever
 gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in death to
 save him.

Thus ? oh, not *thus* ! no type of earth can image that
 awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him
 breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew,—“ *My Saviour ! not*
 deserted ! ”

Deserted ! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in dark-
 ness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested ?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning
 drops averted ?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one*
 should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate from His own essence rather ;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and
 Father.
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath
 shaken—
It went up single, echoless, “ *My God, I am forsaken !* ”

140

145

151

155

It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of deso-
lation !

161

That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not
hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a
vision

ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, son of Arnold of Rugby, was born in 1822. His chief poems are *The Strayed Reveller*, *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Impedimenta on Flora*, *The Scholar Gipsy*, *Thyrsis* (an elegy on Arthur Hugh Clough), and a tragedy, *Merope*. Arnold wrote a good deal of fine literary criticism, as in his *Lectures on Translating Homer*, *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, *Essays in Criticism*, and made some less successful excursions into the realm of theological criticism, as in his *Literature and Dogma*. He died in 1888.

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question Thou art free
We ask and ask Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foul d searching of mortality
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self school'd, self seann d, self-honour d, self secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguessed at Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow

5

10

From "EMPEDOCLES ON ETNA."

The track winds down to the clear stream, 15
 To cross the sparkling shallows : there
 The cattle love to gather, on their way
 To the high mountain pastures, and to stay,
 Till the rough cow-herds drive them past,
 Knee-deep in the cool ford : for 'tis the last 20
 Of all the woody, high, well-water'd dells
 On Etna ; and the beam
 Of noon is broken there by chestnut boughs
 Down its deep verdant sides : the air
 Is freshen'd by the leaping stream, which throws 25
 Eternal showers of spray on the moss'd roots
 Of trees, and veins of turf, and long dark shoots
 Of ivy-plants, and fragrant hanging bells
 Of hyacinths, and on late anemones,
 That muffle its wet banks : but glade, 30
 And stream, and sward, and chestnut trees,
 End here : Etna beyond, in the broad glare
 Of the hot noon, without a shade,
 Slope behind slope, up to the peak, lies bare ;
 The peak, round which the white clouds play. 35

In such a glen, on such a day.
 On Pelion, on the grassy ground,
 Chiron, the aged Centaur, lay ;
 The young Achilles standing by.
 The Centaur taught him to explore 40
 The mountains : where the glens are dry,
 And the tir'd Centaurs come to rest,
 And where the soaking springs abound,
 And the straight ashes grow for spears,
 And where the hill-goats come to feed, 45
 And the sea-eagles build their nest.
 He show'd him Phthia far away,
 And said—O Boy, I taught this lore
 To Peleus, in long distant years.—
 He told him of the Gods, the stars, 50

The tides —and then of mortal wars,
 And of the life that Heroes lead
 Before they reach the Flavian place
 And rest in the immortal mead
 And all the wisdom of his race

55

PHILOMENA

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
 The tawny throate?
 Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
 What triumph! hark—what pun?

O Wanderer from a Green shore 60
 Still after many years in distant lands,
 Still nourishing in thy bewilfuld brain
 That wild unquench'd deep sunken, old world pun—
 See will it never heal
 And can this fragrant bawn 65
 With its cool trees and night
 And the sweet tranquil Thames,
 And moonshine an I the dew
 To thy rack'd heart and bruin
 Afford no balm

70

Dost thou to night behold
 Here through the moonlight on this English grass,
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
 Dost thou again peruse
 With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes 75
 The too clear web and thy dumb Sister's shame?
 Dost thou once more assay
 Thy flight and feel come over thee
 Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
 Once more and once more seem to make resound 80
 With love and hate triumph and agony,
 Lone Daulis and the high Cephissian vale?
 Listen Eugenia—

How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves !

Again—thou hearest !
Eternal Passion !
Eternal Pain !

85

IN UTRUMQUE PARATUS.

If, in the silent mind of One all-pure,

At first imagin'd lay

The sacred world ; and by procession sure

90

From those still deeps, in form and colour drest,
Seasons alternating, and night and day,

The long-mused thought to north, south, east, and west
Took then its all-seen way :

O waking on a world which thus-wise springs !

95

Whether it needs thee count

Betwixt thy waking and the birth of things

Ages or hours : O waking on Life's stream !

By lonely pureness to the all-pure Fount
(Only by this thou canst) the colour'd dream

100

Of Life remount.

Thin, thin the pleasant human noises grow ;

And faint the city gleams ;

Rare the lone pastoral huts : marvel not thou !

105

The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams :

Alone the sun arises, and alone

Spring the great streams.

But, if the wild unfather'd mass no birth

In divine seats hath known :

110

In the blank, echoing solitude, if Earth,

Rocking her obscure body to and fro,

Ceases not from all time to heave and groan,

Unfruitful oft, and, at her happiest throes,

Forms, what she forms, alone :

115

O seeming sole to awake, thy sun bath'd head
 Piercing the solemn cloud
 Round thy still dreaming brother world outspread!
 O man whom Earth thy long vext mother bare
 Not without joy so radiant so endow'd—
 (Such happy issue crown'd her painful care) 120
 Be not too proud!

Oh when most self exalted most alone,
 Chief dreamer own thy dream!
 Thy brother world stirs at thy feet unknown
 Who hath a monarch s hath no brother s part,
 Yet doth thine inmost soul with yearning teem
 O what a spasm shakes the dreamer's heart—
I too but seem 125

REQUIESCAT

She grew on her roses roses,
 And never a sprav of yew
 In quiet she reposes
 Ah! would that I did too 130

Her mirth the world required
 She bath d it in smiles of glee
 But her heart was tired tired
 And now they let her be 135

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound,
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round 140

Her cabin'd ample Spirit
 It flutter'd and fail'd for breath
 To night it doth inherit
 The vasty Hall of Death 145

AT HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

But thou would'st not *alone*
 Be saved, my father ; alone
 Conquer and come to thy goal,
 Leaving the rest in the wild.

We were weary, and we 150
 Fearful, and we, in our march,
 Fain to drop down and die.

Still thou turnedst, and still
 Gavest the weary thy hand !
 If in the paths of the world,

Stones might have wounded thy feet, 155
 Toil or dejection have tried
 Thy spirit, of that we saw

Nothing ! To us thou wert still
 Cheerful and helpful and firm. 160
 Therefore to thee it was given

Many to save with thyself ;
 And at the end of thy day,
 O faithful shepherd ! to come

Bringing thy sheep in thy hand. 165

R. BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING was born in 1812, and educated at University College, London. His first work, *Pauline*, was published in 1833, and was followed by *Paracelsus* in 1835, in which the writer seemed to spring at once to maturity. From 1837-46 Browning wrote many dramas, chief among which stands *Strafford*, and several poems. *Sordello* (1840) is his most enigmatical work, *Dramatic Lyrics* (1842) and *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics* (1845) show Browning at his best in sheer poetry. From 1850-70 he wrote much poetry expository of his philosophy. This is contained in the volumes, *Men and Women*, *Dramatis Personæ* and *The Ring and the Book* (1868-9). The last is acknowledged to be Browning's masterpiece. As time went on Browning still further cultivated

the intellectual at the expense of the poetical. Much of *Fifre at the Fair*, *Ferushah's Fancies* and *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance* is merely philosophy in verse, but the romance of *Balaustion* and *The Inn Album* are of finer texture. The publication of Browning's last volume, *Aholiad*, was coincident with his death in 1889.

Browning married Elizabeth Moulton Barrett in 1846, and much of their fifteen years of married life was spent abroad, at Florence, and this sojourn left deep marks on the work of both.

נִיר אַזָּאָר

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spir)
Now a dart of red
Now a dart of blue
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird, like a flower, hangs furled 10
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me therefore I love it

SONGS FROM PIEDRA PASSES

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven
The hill side's dew pearly,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

THE LABORATORY.

Ancien Régime.

I.

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
 May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy—
 Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

25

II.

He is with her, and they know that I know
 Where they are, what they do : They believe my tears
 flow
 While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear
 Empty church, to pray God in, for them !—I am here.

III.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
 Pound at thy powder—I am not in haste ! 30
 Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,
 Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

IV.

That in the mortar—you call it a gum ?
 Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come ! 35
 And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,
 Sure to taste sweetly—is that poison too ?

V.

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,
 What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures !
 To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,
 A signet, a fau-mount, a filigree basket ! 40

VI.

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,
 And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live !
 But to light a pastile, and Elise, with her head
 And her breast and her arms and her hands, should
 drop dead : 45

VII

Quick—is it finished? The colour's too grim!
Why not soft like the phial's enticing and dim?
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,
And try it and taste ere she fix and prefer!

VIII

What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me! 50
That's why she ensnared him this never will free
The soul from those masculine eyes—say, "no!"
To that pulse's magnificent come and go

IX

For only last night as they whispered I brought
My own eyes to bear on her so that I thought 55
Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she would fall
Shrivelled she fell not yet this does it ill!

X

Not that I bid you spare her the pain,
Let death be felt and the proof remain
Branl burn up bite into its grace—
He is sure to remember her dying face! 60

XI

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose,
It kills her and this prevents seeing it close
The delicate droplet my whole fortune's fee!
If it hurts her beside can it ever hurt me? 65

XII

Now take all my jewels gorge gold to your fill,
You may kiss me old man on my mouth if you will!
But I wish this dust off me lest horror it brings
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's!

MEETING AT NIGHT

I

The grey sea and the long black land 70
And the yellow half moon large and low,
And the startled little waves that leap

In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

75

II.

- Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach :
Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears, 80
Than the two hearts beating each to each !

PARTING AT MORNING.

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim :
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.

85

MY LAST DUCHESS.

Ferrara.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her ? I said 90
" Frà Pandolf " by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) 95
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps 100
Frà Pandolf chanced to say " Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or " Paint

95

100

Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half flush that dies along her throat—such stuff
 Was courtesy she thought and cause enough 10,
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart—how still I see it—too soon made glad
 Too easily impressed—she liked whatever
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere
 Sir, 'twas all one! We sat up at her breast, 110
 The dropping of the daylight in the West
 The bough of cherries some of your fool
 Broke in the orchard for her—the white mule
 She rode, with round the trace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech 115
 Or flush at least. She thanked men—God! but
 thanked
 somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a hundred years old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 120
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one and ear. Just this
 Or that in you disquiets me—here you miss
 Or there exceed the mark—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so natively set 125
 Her wits to yours forsooth and mal excuse,
 —Even then would be *me stooping* and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled no doubt
 Whenever I passed her—but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew—I give command
 That all smiles stopped together. Then she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company here as then. I repeat
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence 135
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed
 Though his fair daughter's self as I avowed
 At starting is my object. Nay we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune though
 Taming a sea horse thought a rarity 140
 Which Claus of Innst rock cast in bronze for me!

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

145

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over, 155
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

150

160

PROSPICE.

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe ; 165
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.

165

170

I was ever a fighter so—one fight more,

The best and the last!

175

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,

And bade me creep past

No' let me taste the whole of it fare like my peers

The heroes of old

Bear the brunt in a minute pay glad life's arrears

180

Of pun darkness an I cold

I r sullen the worst turns the best to the brave,

The black minutes at en l,

And the elements rage the fiend voices that rave,

Shall dwindle shall ful

183

Shall change shall become first a peace out of pun,

Then a light then thy breast

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,

An i with god be the rest!

TENNYSON.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON was born in 1809 and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he made the acquaintance of Arthur Hallam, the subject in after years of his *In Memoriam* (1850). His first important volume was *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* (1830), including *The Palace of Art* & *Dream of Fair Women*, *The Lotus Eaters*. Other volumes followed in 1833 and 1842, including *Clytie* & *Lord of the Isles* & *Morte d'Arthur*. In 1847 appeared *The Idylls of the King*; part of *In Memoriam* Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth as Laureate. *Maud* (1859) is a lyrical poem, and the *Idylls of Death* or *The Isle of Dagonet* (1862) is filled with a fervor of passion. The series of *Idylls of the King*, dealing with episodes in the Arthur Legend, first took definite shape about 1860, and were completed in 1885. In Tennyson's later work the dramatic element was strong (as in *The Northern Farmer* and *The Forester*) and he wrote several dramas. *Queen Mary* and *Harold* are not very successful, but *Dock* & *Justified* all the other experiments, and is great not only as poetry but also as drama.

Tennyson wrote up to the very close of his life in 1902, and his later work shows little decline of power. For a long period of sixty years and upwards he had written, and with rare exceptions he

had written greatly. From the death of Wordsworth to his own death he was almost universally looked upon as the first poet of his time, and wielded a greater influence than any of his contemporaries.

RING OUT WILD BELLS.

(From "In Memoriam.")

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free
 The larger heart the kindlier hand,
 Ring out the darkness of the land
 Ring in the Christ that is to be

30

"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD"

(From *The Princess*)

Home they brought her warrior dead
 She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry
 All her maidens watching said
 She must weep or she will die"

35

Then they praised him soft and low,
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe,
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved

40

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face cloth from the face,
 Yet she neither moved nor wept

Rose a nurse of ninety years
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears—
 Sweet my child I live for thee

45

"YOU ASK ME WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE."

You ask me why, tho' ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
 And languish for the purple seas?

50

It is the land that freemen till,
 That sober suited Freedom chose
 The land where girt with friends or foes
 A man may speak the thing he will,

55

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown,
 Where Freedom broadens slowly down
 From precedent to precedent: 60

Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But by degrees to fullness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought
 Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
 Opinion, and induce a time
 When single thought is civil crime,
 And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
 The name of Britain trebly great—
 Tho' every channel of the State
 Should almost choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
 Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,
 And I will see before I die
 The palms and temples of the South. 75

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;

80

85

- For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known, cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all, 90
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy
 I am a part of all that I have met,
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 95
 For ever and for ever when I move
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathe were life Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me 100
 Little remains but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things, and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 105
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
- This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere 110
 Of common duties decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone He works his work, I mine
 There lies the port the vessel puffs her sail
 There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took 115
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old,
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil,
 Death closes all but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :

130

The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.

135

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

140

Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

145

“IN LOVE, IF LOVE BE LOVE.”

(From “Merlin and Vivien.”)

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers :
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

150

The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

155

Is it not worth the keeping : let it go :
But shall it ? answer, darling, answer no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me

160

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

165

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hull,
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

170

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me

"SWEET AND LOW"

(From "The Princess")

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low low breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps

175

180

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon

185

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep. 190

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,

My tough lance thrusteth sure,

My strength is as the strength of ten,

Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,

195

The hard brands shiver on the steel,

The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,

The horse and rider reel :

They reel, they roll in clanging lists,

200

And when the tide of combat stands,

Perfume and flowers fall in showers,

That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend

On whom their favours fall !

For them I battle till the end,

205

To save from shame and thrall :

But all my heart is drawn above,

My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine,

I never felt the kiss of love,

Nor maiden's hand in mine.

210

More bounteous aspects on me beam,

Me mightier transports move and thrill,

So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer

A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,

215

A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows,

I hear a noise of hymns :

Then by some secret shrine I ride ;

I hear a voice, but none are there ;

220

The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

225

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
 I find a magic bark,

I leap on board no helmsman steers:

I float till all is dark

A gentle sound, an awful light!

Three angels bear the holy Grail
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,

On sleeping wings they sail

Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!

My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,

And star-like mingles with the stars.

230

235

When on my goodly charger borne

Thro' dreaming towns I go,

The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,

The streets are dumb with snow

The tempest crackles on the leads,

And, ringing, spins from brand and mail,
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,

And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;

No branchy thicket shelter yields,
 But blessed forms in whistling storms

Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields

240

245

250

A maiden knight—to me is given

Such hope, I know not fear,

I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven

That often meet me here

I muse on joy that will not cease,

Pure spaces clothed in living beams,

255

Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

260

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 " O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near." 265
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

270

From "THE LOTOS-EATERS."

" Courage ! " he said, and pointed towards the land, 275
 " This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
 In the afternoon they came unto a land
 In which it seemed always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream. 280
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
 And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ; 285
 And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner laud : far off, three mountain tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow, 290
 Stood sunset flush'd and, dew'd with showery drop'd,
 Up climb the shadowy pine above the woven copse

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
 In the red West thro' mountain clefts the dale 295
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow set with slender galungale,
 A land where all things always seem'd the same!
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild eyed melancholy Lotos eaters came 300

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste to him the gushing of the wave 305
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin as voices from the grave;
 And deep asleep he seem'd yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make 310

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore,
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child and wife, and slave but evermore
 Most weary seem'd the sea weary the oar, 315
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam
 Then someone said, "We will return no more",
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave, we will no longer roam"

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night dews on still waters between walls 320

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ; 325
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep. 330

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

Like souls that balance joy and pain,
 With tears and smiles from heaven again
 The maiden Spring upon the plain
 Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.

In crystal vapour everywhere 335
 Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
 And far, in forest-deeps unseen,
 The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
 From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song : 340
 Sometimes the throstle whistled strong :
 Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,
 Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong :

By grassy capes with fuller sound
 In curves the yellowing river ran, 345
 And drooping chestnut-buds began
 To spread into the perfect fan,
 Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
 Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
 Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,
 With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring ; 350

A gown of grass green sill she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before,
A light green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring

355

Now on some twisted ivy net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixed with violet
Her cream white mule his pastern set
And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eerv warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle reins

360

36,

As fast she fled thro sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd.
Blowing the ringlet from the braid
She look'd so lovely as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger tips,
A man had given all other bliss
And all his worldly worth for this
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips

370

375

THE BEGGAR MAID

Her arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say
Bare footed came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua
In robe and crown the King stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way,
It is no wonder' said the lords,
She is more beautiful thin day "

380

As shines the moon in clouded skies
She in her poor attire was seen
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,

385

One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
 So sweet a face, such angel grace,
 In all that land had never been :
 Cophetua sware a royal oath :
 "This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

390

THE EAGLE (*Fragment*).

He clasps the crag with crooked hands ;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

395

CLOUGH.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861) was born at Liverpool and educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. In 1848 he published his first poem, the *Bohie of Tober-na-Vualich*, a pastoral in hexameters. He also wrote *Amours de Voyage* (1849) and, shortly before his death, *Mari Magno, or Tales on Board*. Clough's poems, says Lowell, "are the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the age in which he lived."

"SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH."

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,

5

It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,

10

Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,

15

When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

QUA CUSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay

20

With canvas drooping side by side,

Two towers of sul at dawn of day

Are scarce long leagues apart descried,

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,

25

And all the darkling hours they plied,

Nor dreamt but each the self same seas

By each was cleaving, side by side

E'en so—but why the tale reveal

30

Of those whom year by year unchanged,

Brief absence join'd knew to feel,

Astounded soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were fill'd,

35

And onward each rejoicing steer'd—

Ah neither blame, for neither will'd,

Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd!

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides— 35
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last : 40

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O only Source of all our light and life, 45
 Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
 But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
 Alone aright reveal,—

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
 Thy presence owns, ineffable, divine ; 50
 Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
 My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
 Speechless abide, or speechless e'en depart ;
 Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
 Can see Thee as Thou art ?— 55

If sure-assur'd 'tis but profanely bold
 In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
 It dare not dare the dread communion hold
 In ways unworthy Thee, 60

O not unown'd, Thou shalt, unnam'd, forgive;
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
 And, if in work its life it seem to live,
 Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when, while the work it does, 65
 Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
 And, scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
 In recognition start.

As wills Thy will, or give, or even forbear
 The beatific supersensual sight, 70
 So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
 Approach Thee morn and night.

ROSSETTI.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882), the son of an Italian patriot and refugee who had settled in London, became eminent both as an artist and as a poet. He was one of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In 1870 he published *Poems*, most of which had been written before he reached the age of twenty-five. In this collection were *The Blessed Damozel* and *The Portrait*. In 1881 he published *Ballads and Poems*. Included in this volume was *The House of Life*, a series of sonnets which contains Rossetti's best work.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven,
 Her eyes were deeper than the depths
 Of waters stilled at even,
 She had three lilies in her hand, 5
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift
 For service meetly worn ;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers ;
 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers ;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place,
 Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
 Fell all about my face. . . .
 Nothing : the autumn-fall of leaves,
 The whole year sets apace).

It was the rampart of God's House
 That she was standing on ;
 By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is Space begun ;
 So high, that looking downward thence
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
 Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her lovers, newly met
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
 Spoke evermore among themselves
 Their heart-remembered names ;
 And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

Under yonder beech tree single on the green sward

Couched with her arms behind her golden head
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,

Lies my young love sleeping in the shade
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,

Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow
Walking in amazement she could not but embrace me
Then would she hold me and never let me go!

5

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,

Swift as the swallow along the river's light

Circling the surface to meet his mirrored winglets

Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight

Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine tops

Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun

She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer

10

Hard but O the glory of the winning were she won!

15

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror

Tying up her laces looping up her hair,

Often she thinks were this wild thing wedded

More love should I have and much less care

20

When her mother tends her before the lighted mirror.

Loosening her laces combing down her curls

Often she thinks were this wild thing wedded

I should miss but one for many boys and girls

25

Gossips count her faults they scour a narrow chamber

Where there is no window read not heaven or her

When she was a tiny one aged woman quivers

Plucks at my heart and leads me by the ear

Faults she had once as she learnt to run and tumbled

Faults of feature some see beauty not complete

30

Yet good gossips beauty that makes holy

Earth and air may have faults from head to feet

Hither she comes ; she comes to me ; she lingers,
 Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in new surprise
 High rise the lashes in wonder of a stranger ; 35
 Yet am I the light and living of her eyes
 Something friends have told her fills her heart to brimming,
 Nets her in her blushes, and wounds her, and tames.—
 Sure of her haven, O like a dove alighting,
 Arms up, she dropped : our souls were in our names. 40

.

Soon will she lie like a white frost sunrise.
 Yellow oats and brown wheat, barley pale as rye,
 Long since your sheaves have yielded to the thresher,
 Felt the girdle loosened, seen the tresses fly.
 Soon will she lie like a blood-red sunset, 45
 Swift with the to-morrow, green-wingéd Spring !
 Sing from the South-West, bring her back the truants,
 Nightingale and swallow, song and dipping wing.

Soft new beech-leaves, up to beamy April
 Spreading bough on bough a primrose mountain, you 50
 Lucid in the moon, raise lilies to the skyfields,
 Youngest green transfused in silver shining through:
 Fairer than the lily, than the wild white cherry :
 Fair as in image my seraph love appears
 Borne to me by dreams when dawn is at my eyelids : 55
 Fair as in the flesh she swims to me on tears.

THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON (1834-1882) is one of the tragic names in English literature. He became an army postmaster, but, falling under Bradlaugh's influence, was dismissed for insubordination. He then tried business and journalism, but died young, worn out by sleeplessness and melancholia as much as by the chloral which he took to cure them. He lives by the autobiographical *Vane's Story*; by some charming, playful songs; and, above all, by *The City of Dreadful Night*.

From THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT"

xx

I sat me weary on a pillar's base,
 And leered against the shaft, for broad moonlight
 Overflowed the peacefulness of cloistered space,
 A shore of shadow slanting from the right
 The great cathedral's western front stood there, 5
 A wave-worn rock in that calm sea of air

Before it opposite my place of rest
 Two figures faced each other large austere,
 A couchant sphinx in shadow to the breast
 An angel standing in the moonlight clear, 10
 So mighty by magnificence of form
 They were not dwarfed beneath that massiform.

Upon the cross hilt of a naked sword
 The angel's hands as prompt to smite, were held,
 His vigilant intense regard was poured 15
 Upon the creature placidly unquelled
 Whose front was set at level gaze which took
 No heed of night a solemn trance like look

And as I pondered these opposed shapes
 My eyelids sank in stupor that dull swoon
 Which drugs and with a leaden mantle drapes 20
 The outworn to worse weariness But soon
 A sharp and clashing noise the stillness broke,
 And from the evil lethargy I woke

The angel's wings had fallen stone on stone, 25
 And by there shattered hence the sudden sound
 A warrior leaning on his sword alone
 Now watched the sphinx with that regud presual,
 The sphinx unchanged looked forthright as awne
 Of nothing in the vast abyss of air 30

Again I sank in that repose unsweet,

Again a clashing noise my slumber rent;

The warrior's sword lay broken at his feet:

An unarmed man with raised hands impotent

Now stood before the sphinx, which ever kept

Such mien as if with open eyes it slept.

My eyelids sank in spite of wonder grown;

A louder crash upstartled me in dread;

The man had fallen forward, stone on stone,

And lay there shattered, with his trunkless head

Between the monster's large quiescent paws,

Beneath its grand front changeless as life's laws.

The moon had circled westward full and bright,

And made the temple front a mystic dream,

And bathed the whole enclosure with its light,

The sworded angel's wrecks, the sphinx supreme:

I pondered long that cold majestic face

Whose vision seemed of infinite void space.

35

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45

SWINBURNE.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909) was educated at Eton and Oxford. He travelled much in France and Italy, and his verse reveals his sympathy with all fighters for political liberty at home and abroad. His works include *Atalanta in Calydon*, a Greek drama; *Bothwell* and other plays; and the lyrical series *Poems and Ballads* and *Songs before Sunrise*. He is famous as a revolutionary, a pagan, and a poet of passion, and above all for his amazing mastery of complex verse music.

From "THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE."

Pale, beyond porch and portal,

Crowned with calm leaves, she stands

Who gathers all things mortal

With cold immortal hands,
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands

5

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born,
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn,
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn

10

15

There go the loves that wither
The old loves with wearier wings,
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things
Dead dreams of days forsaken
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs

20

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure,
To-day will die to-morrow,
Time stoops to no man's lure.
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure

25

30

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

35

40

Then stars nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light :
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight :
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal ;
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

45

STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894), son of the famous lighthouse-builder, went to Edinburgh University and was called to the Bar, but soon turned to letters, producing novels, essays, and poems. After a gallant struggle with poverty and ill-health, he died at Vailima in the South Seas.

His vivid, romantic work, his exquisite prose style, and the charm of his personal character had a tonic influence upon late Victorian literature.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A naked house, a naked moor,
 A shivering pool before the door,
 A garden bare of flowers and fruit
 And poplars at the garden foot :
 Such is the place that I live in,
 Bleak without and bare within.

5

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
 The incomparable pomp of eve,
 And the cold glories of the dawn
 Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;
 And when the wind from place to place
 Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
 Your garden gloom and gleam again,
 With leaping sun, with glancing rain.

10

Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson eul
Of day's declining splendour, b're
The army of the stars appear
The neighbour hollows dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset ,
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew bedrimonded

15

When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime ,
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart ruts beutiful ,
And when snow bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clasp their hands!

25

To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a clinging page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

30

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will
This be the verse you grave for me
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill

35

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PRAED.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED (1802-1839), during his career as a barrister and in Parliament, found time to publish much witty *vers de société*. Perhaps his best production is the sombre and grotesque *Red Fisherman*.

BECAUSE!

Sweet Nea!—for your lovely sake

I weave these rambling numbers,
Because I've lain an hour awake,

And can't compose my slumbers;
Because your beauty's gentle light

Is round my pillow beaming,
And flings, I know not why, to-night,
Some witchery o'er my dreaming!

Because we've passed some joyous days,

And danced some merry dances;

Because you love old Beaumont's plays,
And old Froissart's romances!

Because, whene'er I hear your words,
Some pleasant feeling lingers;

Because I think your heart has chords
That vibrate to my fingers!

Because you've got those long, soft curls

I've sworn should deck my goddess;
Because you're not, like other girls,

All bustle, blush, and bodice!

Because your eyes are deep and blue,

Your fingers long and rosy;

Because a little child and you

Would make one's home so cosy.

Because your little tiny nose

Turns up so pert and funny;

5

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Because I know you choose your beau
 More for their mirth than money,
 Because I think you'd rather twirl
 A waltz, with me to guide you,
 Than talk small nonsense, with an Earl
 And a coronet beside you!

30

Because you don't object to walk,
 And are not given to fuming
 Because you have not learned to talk
 Of flowers and Poonah painting,
 Because I think you'd scarce refuse
 To sew one on a button
 Because I know you'd sometimes choose
 To dine on simple mutton!

35

40

Because I think I'm just so weak
 As some of those fine morrows
 To ask you if you'll let me speak
 My story—and my sorrows
 Because the rest's a simple thing,
 A matter quickly over
 A church—a priest—a sigh—a ring—
 And a chaise and four for Dover!

45

PATMORE.

COVENTRY PATMORE (1823-1896) was a Victorian poet of delicacy and distinction. *The Angel in the House* essays to glorify the homely things of life while *The Unknown Eros* is more definitely mystical.

THE TOTS

My little Son who look'd from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown up wise,

Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
 I struck him, and dismiss'd
 With hard words and unkiss'd,
 His Mother, who was patient, being dead. 5
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet 10
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach, 15
 A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells,
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with care-
 ful art
 To comfort his sad heart. 21
 So when that night I pray'd
 To God, I wept, and said:
 Ah, when at last we lie with trancéd breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death, 25
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, fatherly not less 30
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'l't leave Thy wrath, and say,
 "I will be sorry for their childishness."

DOBELL.

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL (1824-1874), a Cheltenham wine merchant published *Falder* and *England in Time of War*. He belonged to the school of poets which has been labelled "‘pas modic,’" on account of a certain want of restraint in style.

From "THE MILKMAID'S SONG"

Turn turn, for my cheeks they burn,
Turn by the dale my Harry!

Fill pail, fill pail,
He has turned by the dale,

And there by the stile waits Harry
Fill fill

Fill pail fill,
For there by the stile waits Harry!

The world may go round, the world may stand still,
But I can milk and marry,

Fillpail
I can milk and marry

Wheugh, wheugh!
Oh if we two

Stood down there now by the water,
I know who'd carry me over the ford

As brave as a soldier as proud as a lord,
Tho' I don't live over the water

Wheugh wheugh! he's whistling thro',
He's whistling the farmer's daughter!"

Give down give down,
My crumpled brown'

He shall not take the road to the town
For I'll meet him beyond the water

Give down, give down,

5

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My crumbled brown !
 And send me to my Harry.
 The folks o' towns
 May have silken gowns,
 But I can milk and marry,
 Fillpail, 30
 I can milk and marry.

HOME, IN WAR-TIME.

She turned the fair page with her fairer hand—
 More fair and frail than it was wont to be—
 O'er each remembered thing he loved to see 35
 She lingered, and as with a fairy's wand
 Enchanted it to order. Oft she fanned
 New motes into the sun ; and as a bee
 Sings thro' a brake of bells, so murmured she,
 And so her patient love did understand
 The reliquary room. Upon the sill 40
 She fed his favourite bird. “ Ah, Robin, sing !
 He loves thee.” Then she touches a sweet string
 Of soft recall, and towards the Eastern hill
 Smiles all her soul—for him who cannot hear
 The raven croaking at his carrion ear. 45

MASSEY.

GERALD MASSEY (1828-1907) was a minor poet of the Victorian era.

PARTING.

Too fair, I may not call thee mine :
 Too dear, I may not see
 Those eyes with bridal beacons shine ;
 Yet, Darling, keep for me—

Empty and hush'd, and safe apart,
One little corner of thy heart.

5

Thou wilt be happy, dear ! and bless
Thee happy mayst thou be
I would not make thy pleasure less,
Yet, Darling, keep for me—
My life to light, my lot to leaven,
One little corner of thy Heaven

10

Good bye, dear heart ! I go to dwell
A weary way from thee,
Our first kiss is our last farewell,
Yet Darling, keep for me—
Who wander outside in the night,
One little corner of thy light

15

"OWEN MERLDITH," EARL OF LYTTON.

EDWARD LOBELL, EARL OF LYTON (1831-1871), wrote various volumes of verse, narrative and lyrical, under the name of "Owen Meredith."

THE PORTRAIT

I

Midnight past ! Not a sound of aught
Thro' the silent house, but the wind at his prayers
I sat by the dying fire and thought
Of the dear dead woman upstairs

II

A night of tears ! for the gusty rain
Had ceased but the eaves were dripping yet ;
And the moon look'd forth, as tho' in pain,
With her face all white and wet

5

III.

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
 But the friend of my bosom, the man I love : 10
 And grief had sent him fast to sleep
 In the chamber up above.

IV.

Nobody else, in the country place
 All round, that knew of my loss beside,
 But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face 15
 Who confess'd her when she died.

V.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,
 And my grief had moved him beyond controul ;
 For his lips grew white, as I could observe,
 When he speeded her parting soul. 20

VI.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone :
 I thought of the pleasant days of yore :
 I said "the staff of my life is gone :
 The woman I love is no more.

VII.

"Gem-clasp'd, on her bosom my portrait lies, 25
 Which next to her heart she used to wear—
 It is steep'd in the light of her loving eyes,
 And the sweets of her bosom and hair."

VIII.

And I said—"the thing is precious to me :
 They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay ; 30
 It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
 If I do not take it away."

IX.

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
 And crept up the stairs that creak'd for fright,
 Till into the chamber of death I came,
 Where she lay all in white. 35

Empty and bush'd, and safe apart,
One little corner of thy heart.

5

Thou wilt be happy, dear! and bless
Thee happy mayst thou be
I would not make thy pleasure less,
Yet, Darling, keep for me—
My life to light, my lot to heaven,
One little corner of thy Heaven

10

Good bye, dear heart! I go to dwell
A weary way from thee,
Our first kiss is our last farewell,
Yet, Darling, keep for me—
Who wander outside in the night,
One little corner of thy light

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Thro' the silent house, but the wind at his prayers
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II.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon look'd forth, as tho' in pain,
With her face all white and wet

5

XVII.

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
 "A month ago," said my friend to me:
 "And in your throat," I groan'd, "you lie!"
 He answer'd . . . "let us see."

65

XVIII.

"Enough!" I return'd, "let the dead decide:
 And whose soever the portrait prove,
 His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
 Where Death is arraign'd by Love."

70

XIX.

We found the portrait, there in its place:
 We open'd it by the tapers' shine:
 The gems were all unchanged: the face
 Was—neither his nor mine.

75

XX.

"One nail drives out another, at least!
 The portrait is not ours," I cried,
 "But our friend's, the Raphael-faced young Priest,
 Who confess'd her when she died."

80

NOEL.

THE HON. RODEN NOEL (1834-1894), a son of Lord Gainsborough, produced *Behind the Veil*, *Poor People's Christmas*, and other volumes of verse and prose.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

The merry-go-round, the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round at Fowey!
 They whirl around, they gallop around, man, woman, and girl, and boy;

They circle on wooden horses, white, black, brown, and bay,
 To a loud monotonous tune that hath a trumpet bray
 All is dark where the circus stands on the narrow quay, 5
 Save for its own yellow lamps, that illumine it brilliantly.
 Painted purple and red, it pours a broad strong glow
 Over an old world house, with a pillared place below,
 For the floor of the building rests on bandy columns small,
 And the bulging pile may, tottering, suddenly bury all 10
 But there upon wooden benches, hunched in the summer
 night,

Sit wrinkled sires of the village arow, whose hair is white;
 They sit like the mummies of men, with a glare upon them
 cast
 From a rushing flame of the living, like their own mad
 past

They are watching the merry make, and their face is very
 grave, 15
 Over all are the silent stars' beyond, the cold grey wave
 And while I gaze on the galloping horses circling round,
 The men caruoling up and down to a weird, monotonous
 sound,

I pass into a bewilderment, and marvel why they go,
 It seemis the earth revolving with our vain to and fro' 20
 For the young may be glad an' eager, but some ride list-
 lessly,

And the old look on with a wearr, dull, and lifeless eye,
 I know that in an hour the fair will all be gone,
 Stars shining over a dreary void the Deep have sound alone
 I gaze with orb suffused at human things that fly, 25
 And I am lost in the wondur of our dim destiny
 The merry go round, the merry-go round, the merry-go-
 round at Fowey!

They whirl around, they gallop around, man, woman, and
 girl, and boy

O'SHAUGHNESSY.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY (1844-1881), author of *An Epic of Women* and *Music and Moonlight*, was closely allied to the Pre-Raphaelite school of poets, of whom D. G. Rossetti was leader.

ODE.

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams.
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth ;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

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GLOSSARY.

Abelard: Abelard and Eloisa were a pair of unfortunate lovers in the twelfth century, who "after a long course of calamities," says Pope, "retired each to a several convent."

abide: [M.E. *abyen*, to pay for, buy up, O.E. *abycgan*, to pay for] *rue, suffer for.*

aboone: [O.E. *abufan*] *above.*

aborde: *entered on.*

Absalom: so 1 of David. He rebelled against his father (2 Sam. xiv.-xviii.). Dryden applies the name to the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II.

Achilles: the bravest of the Greeks who fought in the war against Troy. He is the chief hero of the *Iliad*. According to the legend he was vulnerable only in the heel.

Achitophel: in the Bible Achitophel was the counsellor of Absalom in his revolt against David. Dryden applies the name to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

acquent: *acquainted.*

acre: [O E. *acer*, a field] *a field.*

Actaeon-like: i.e. like Actaeon, who having seen the goddess Diana bathing was in punishment torn to pieces by his own hounds,

Adonais: a name coined by Shelley and used by him to denote the poet Keats.

Adonis: a beautiful youth beloved by Venus. He was killed by a wild boar.

ae : *one.*

Aeschylus: the first in point of time of the three great Athenian dramatists. He lived from 525 to 455 B.C.

affect: *affection, passion* (Surrey, line 21).

agape: *gaping.*

Ajincourt: a village in the north of France in the Pas de Calais, where Henry V. defeated the French in 1415.

airt: *direction.*

aisle: [Fr. *aile*, Latin *ala*] *the wing of a church.*

Ajax: one of the Greek heroes who fought at Troy. He was famous for his vast strength.

Albion: the ancient name of the island of Britain.

Alcaic: of *Alcaeus*, a native of Mitylene and a Greek lyric poet who flourished about 600 B.C. He invented the measure called after him the Alcaic Stanza.

Alcestis: wife of Admetus, king of Pherae in Thessaly, who according to a Greek legend gave her life to redeem her husband from death, but was rescued from the other world and restored to her husband by Hercules, "Jove's great son."

alchymy: "miraculous power of transmutation" (Shakespeare, line 254).

alit: *alighted.*

all-oblivious: *consigning all things to oblivion.*

Alpheus a river of the Peloponnesus (Morea) in Greece the course of which is largely under ground. The river god Alpheus is said to have fallen in love with the nymph Arethusa. The god as Dana turned her into a fountain and opened for her a way under the sea to the island of Ortygia near Syracuse. Alpheus followed reappearing in a spring which bubbles up close to the shore near the fountain Arethusa and thus mingling his waters with hers.

Amalthea a Cretan nymph who fed Zeus (Jupiter) with the milk of a goat. Zeus broke off one of the goat's horns and endowed it with the property of becoming filled with any food or drink the possessor wished.

amaranthus a flower that remains long without withering literally the *unfading flower*.

Amazon the war-like Amazon (Puff) is the Queen of Spades.

amazzone behaviour

Anacreon a Greek lyric poet (550-465 B.C.)

analytic a branch of mathematics animated by the C.P. Pope's *Temple of Fame*. Heroes in animated marble frown.

anthem [O.F. *antenu* Late Latin *antiphona* from a Greek word meaning *sing at* in response to] a piece of sacred music so called from the alternate singing of the half-choirs.

Apollo son of Zeus and Leto an important deity of the ancient Greeks, who was worshipped as the god of prophecy poetry and music.

Ardenhot Sir John Ardenhot (1673-1724) was a great physician and Pope's intimate friend.

Areddy Arcadia, the central district of Peloponnesus (the modern Morea) in Greece.

argosy a merchant vessel

Argus in Greek mythology the guardian of the cow into which Io had been transformed by Hera (Juno). He had a hundred eyes. Hermes (Mercury) at the bidding of Zeus charmed Argus to sleep and then cut off his head. According to the legend Hera put the hundred eyes of Argus in the peacock's tail.

Arion a celebrated lute player of Methymna in Lesbos, who flourished about 600 B.C.

Aristophanes the most famous of the Greek writers of comedy (c. 448-388 B.C.)

Aristotle a famous Greek philosopher and writer (384-322 B.C.)

Armada the famous Spanish Armada sent by Philip II of Spain to conquer England in 1588. After the Armada was defeated by the English most of the vessels composing it were wrecked in the attempt to return to Spain by the north of Scotland and west of Ireland.

Armorica Breton. Armorica was the ancient name of Brittany.

arma coats of arms (Parnell, line 34)

Arthur Arthur Moore a politician of no great repute. His son was a small poet, much hated by Pope.

Ashur Assyria
aspire [Latin *aspirare*, to breathe towards] to aim at something higher hence to ascend

Aspramont a place near Nice in Provence, in France

Assyria the Assyrian empire having its capital at Nineveh was once very powerful but was destroyed by the Medes and Babylonians 606 B.C.

Assyrian queen Venus, identified by Milton with the Assyrian goddess Astarte.

Assyrian, The : Sennacherib, King of Assyria. For the incident celebrated by Byron see 2 Kings xix., especially vv. 32-36.

attempted : *tempered, harmonised.*
"Attempred to the year" (SPENSER) = "agreeable to the season of the year."

Atticus : a name applied by Pope to Addison.

aureate : *golden.*

Ausonia : an ancient name for Italy.

Avalon : "the vale of Avilion" in Malory's *Morte Darthur*, to which the King goes "to heal me of my grievous wound."

Ayr : a river in Ayrshire in Scotland.

baby : *doll.*

Babylonian : *pertaining to Babylon.* Milton, following Puritan practice, identifies the Papacy with the Babylon mentioned in the Book of Revelations.

baleful : *full of sorrow.*

Banquo : in Shakespeare's *Macbeth* the ghosts of the descendants of Banquo, who are to reign as kings in Macbeth's place, are shown by the Witches to Macbeth.

base : [either from Anglo-Fr. *base*, Latin *basis*, from a Greek word meaning "stepping," or a corruption of *bars*, plural of *bar*] a rustic game (cp. prisoner's base, a game which is sometimes called "bars" or prisoner's bars). "To bid a base" (SHAKESPEARE) = to challenge to a game or race.

Bastille : a famous prison in Paris, burned by the Parisian populace in 1789.

Basto : *the ace of clubs*, the third trump at Ombre.

banldrick : *a belt.*

Bayona : a town on the west coast of Galicia, in Spain, near Cape Finisterre. See *Namancos*.

bederoll : *rosary.*

bedesman : [O.E. *ge-bed*, a prayer] *one who prays for another.*

Bedlam : a famous madhouse in London. The word is a corruption of Bethlehem.

beight : *called.*

Behn : Mrs. Aphra Behn (1640-1680) was an inferior dramatist and novelist.

beld : *bald.*

Bell : "Peter Bell" is a poem by Wordsworth.

Bellerus : a name coined by Milton from Bellerium, the Roman name for Land's End. Bellerus is imagined as giving a name to the promontory. "By the fable of Bellerus old" = Land's End.

bellibone : ["probably for Fr. *belliconne*."—HERRFORD] *a fair maiden.*

Belshazzar : according to the Book of Daniel the last Chaldean king of Babylon. For the incidents celebrated by Byron see Daniel v.

bene : *be, are.*

bent : (1) *inclined*; (2) *a hillside.*

be-Rosciused : declared equal to Roscius, a celebrated Roman actor, the friend of the orator Cicero. He died in 62 B.C.

besprent : *sprinkled.*

bever : [O.F. *bavière*, a bib, from *bare*, saliva] the lower part of the face-guard of the helmet.

bickering : *hurrying.*

bilbos : *swords.*

birkie : *a lively young fellow.*

Biserta : the ancient Utica in the north of Africa. Milton alludes to the Saracen conquerors of Spain.

Blake : Admiral Blake was the first of our great British admirals. He won several great victories over the Dutch and Spaniards under the Commonwealth (1649-1657). He did not fall in battle, but died while returning from an expedition to Santa Cruz in the Canary Islands (1657).

blaze to spread abroad.

Blenheim a village in Bavaria where, in 1704, the English and Austrians, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, defeated the French and Bavarians.

Bodley "Bodley's dome" is the famous Bodleian library at Oxford.

boll'n swollen.

Bona (the Lady) see Edward IV

Bonivard François de Bonivard (1496-1570), a native of Geneva, famous for six years' imprisonment in the Castle of Chillon and celebrated by Byron in *The Prisoner of Chillon*.

boon gift favour

Botany Bay near Sydney, New South Wales, was the first convict station to which criminals were transported from England. The place was so used only for a year, but the name continued to be applied in England to the new station at Port Jackson.

bowed bent curved

Bowscale Tarn a stream in the Cumbrian mountains there was a superstition among the inhabitants of the district that this tarn contained two immortal fish.

brave fine splendid.

braw nicely dressed handsome.

brede anything plaited embroidery

brent bright

Erougham Castle in Cumberland, was one of the seats of the powerful family of Clifford but was demolished early in the eighteenth century. Wordsworth's poem celebrates the restoration to the family estates of Henry Lord Clifford, who had been obliged to live in concealment as a shepherd during the period of Yorkist supremacy (1461-1483).

Bruce Robert Bruce was crowned

King of Scotland as Robert I. in 1316. Bruce subsequently freed his country from all fear of an English conquest by the great victory of Bannockburn (1314).

burd maiden.

Burke Edmund Burke (1729-1797), a famous writer, orator, and statesman of George III.'s reign.

burnie a small stream, a rivulet

buskin a kind of half boot with thick soles, worn by actors in Greek tragedy to add to their height. "To hear thy buskin tread" (Jonson) = "to hear one of your tragedies." Also a hunting boot.

Cade Jack the leader of Cade's Rebellion (1450)

Cadmus a legendary hero of Phoenicia who was supposed to have founded the city of Thebes in Greece, and to have introduced the Alphabet into Greece.

Caesar (1) Gaius Julius Caesar (100-44 B.C.) the first Emperor of Rome

(2) The Roman Emperor Augustus (63 B.C.-14 A.D.), who was a patron of literature and the arts. In his reign Roman literature attained its greatest perfection (3) Any Roman emperor

Calliope one of the Nine Muses, she was believed to preside over poetry. See Muses.

canals in accordance with Dutch taste William III had had the grounds at Hampton Court laid out with canals.

cantie gay, lively

caravanseral a kind of unluxuriated inn where caravans stop.

careless free from care.

cartlaine old woman

Carthage a Phoenician colony in the North of Africa which is believed to have stood near the site of the modern Tunis. It was once very wealthy and powerful,

and disputed with Rome the supremacy of the Mediterranean, but was taken and destroyed by the Romans (146 B.C.).

cates : *dishes, dainties.*

Cato : a famous Roman patriot who committed suicide after his forces had been defeated by Caesar (46 B.C.). Addison had written a play on this subject, hence Pope's allusion.

Cecilia : St. Cecilia, the patroness of music. She is regarded as the inventor of the organ, the "mangled world of sound." Her martyrdom is said to have taken place in 230 A.D.

cedarn : *formed of cedar trees.*

centaurs : fabulous Thessalian creatures, half man, half horse.

centre to the utmost pole : from the centre of the universe (*i.e.* from the Earth) to its farthest point or pole.

Cephissian : *see Philomela.*

Cerberus : a dog with three heads, which in Greek myth was supposed to guard the entrance of Hades.

chaliced : *cup-shaped.*

chance : *perchance.*

chapournette : *hood.*

Charlemagne : Charles the Great, Emperor of the Franks : in 778 his army was intercepted and cut to pieces by the Saracens of Spain in the Pass of Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees. He did not fall at Fontarabbia (*q.v.*), but lived to 814.

Chatterton : Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770), author of a number of poems purporting to be the work of a priest of the fifteenth century named Rowley. He tried to palm these off as genuine Middle English poems, but the imposture was detected. Failing to obtain success as an author he committed suicide.

Chaucer : Geoffrey Chaucer (c. 1340-1400), the first great English poet, author of *The Canterbury Tales.*

chere : *cheer, behaviour.*

chevisaunce : a kind of flower, the species of which has not been identified.

Chillon : a castle at the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva. Here Bonivard (*q.v.*) was imprisoned for six years (1530-1536).

Chiron : the wisest of the Centaurs. Peleus and Achilles were among his pupils.

civil : *cultivated.*

Claver'se : John Graham of Claverhouse, created by James II. Viscount Dundee. At the Revolution of 1688 Claverhouse headed a rising of the Highland clans in favour of James, and defeated General Mackay at Killiecrankie (1689), but was killed in the battle.

clerks : *scholars.*

close : *a blind alley ; close-head = the entry of such an alley.*

clud : *cloud.*

clusters : [O.E. *cluster*] literally bunches, put for draughts of wine (Herrick, line 85).

Clytie : a sea-nymph who was changed into the plant heliotrope, *i.e.* "sun-turner," so called from its turning to the sun.

codille : the technical name for the position in the game of ombre when a player, having won more tricks than the holder of the bank, takes the pool.

Coligni : Gaspard de Coligni, Admiral of France and one of the chief leaders of the Huguenots. He was murdered in 1572 during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

commission of the brain : product of the mind ; commission means an act committed, and is used in a depreciatory sense.

committed : *confined.*

conceit *imagination, device of the imagination*
conceited *full of fancy or imagination*

considerate *meditative*

consign seal, "convey to thee" (Shakespeare line 151) = sign the same contract or agreement as you have signed *i.e.* the

contrarious *contradictory*

Convention the Lords of the Scottish parliament

coof a blockhead, a foolish person
cockit appeared and disappeared

by turns

cope a hooded cape

Cordova a town of Spain, modern Cordova 'Him of Cordova devil' is the Latin philosopher and tragedian, Seneca (c. 4 B.C. - 54 D.), who was born at Cordova

corpse a (living) body (Surrey, line 29)

Corydon a common name for sheep herds in pastoral poetry

couchant lying down

couthie affable familiar

craik corner,

cranks [literally a crook or bend] an odd turn of speech

cremosin crimson

crescent the moon in its first and part of its second quarter

Cressy a village in the north west of France near which Edward III gained a great victory over the French in 1346

Cromwell Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) Lord Protector of England 1653-1658 "Cromwell's pranks" refers to the legend that he had led a riotous life in youth

crouch crutch

curious dainty delicate

Curll a well known but rather disreputable publisher and book seller of Popes's day

Currie Dr James Currie, the earliest editor of Burns

Cynthia the Moon (as a goddess)

Cytherea Venus, so called from the Island of Cythere in the Aegean Sea, where she was worshipped

dally truse

Dante Dante Alighieri (1265-1321) was the author of the *Divine Comedy*, and ranks with Homer, Vergil, and Milton among the great epic poets. He wrote also a number of sonnets.

Dardan *i.e.* Dardania, the land of Troy

Darius the king of Persia (335-330 B.C.), who was defeated by Alexander the Great

darkling in the dark

Darwen a river in Lancashire which falls into the Ribble near Preston. Here Cromwell defeated the Scots in 1645.

Danus see Philomela.

decent suitable

deep delved deep dug

defly deftly

delice "flow're delice" (Latin *flor' deliciarum*) = the rose

Delos the smallest of the Cyclades, a group of islands in the Grecian Archipelago. It was supposed to have been the birthplace of Apollo (q.v.) and a great festival used to be held there in honour of that god.

Delphi a town in Phocis on the slopes of Mount Parnassus (q.v.). Here there was a temple of Apollo in which there was a celebrated oracle.

depainten paint, expesse

Devil, The the Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson presided over a poetic club

dight [O F. *dichter*, to arrange] arranged decked (Spenser, line 29), glorify (Milton, line 448)

disastered unfortunate, overthrown by disaster

disastrous announcing disaster

diverted perverted, turned from the right path

dividing: *making division*, a term in music denoting the dividing of each of a succession of long notes into several short ones.

Dog-star: Sirius, which in July and August was long supposed to cause excessive heat.

dole: *sorrow*.

Dorian mood: the Greek distinguished three moods or measures in music—the Dorian, Phrygian, and Lydian. The Dorian mood was grave and majestic.

douce: *sober, sedate*.

Dowland: John Dowland, a celebrated lutenist and musician contemporary with Shakespeare.

doxy: *a sweetheart*.

Drachenfels: [literally *Dragon's Rock*] is on the right bank of the Rhine, eight miles south of Bonn. It is a peak of the Siebengebirge range, is 1056 feet high, and its summit commands a magnificent view.

drop: (1) *a tear*, (2) *medicine*. See *pous*.

drop serene: a literal translation of the Latin *gutta serena*, a phrase from the medical science of Milton's day, signifying that form of total blindness which makes no change in the appearance of the eye.

Dryads: wood-nymphs or inferior female divinities in Greek mythology, who were believed to dwell in trees.

Duck: Stephen Duck, an inferior poet who began life as a thresher and eventually became rector of Byfleet in Surrey. His chief pieces were *The Thresher's Labour* and *The Shunamite*. He fell into religious melancholy and committed suicide in 1750.

dulcimer: an ancient musical instrument believed by some authorities to be the ancestor of the modern piano.

Dunbar: a town on the east coast of Scotland, not far from Edinburgh. Hero Cromwell defeated the Scots under Leslie in 1650.

Duniewassals: Highland clansmen of superior rank.

earns: *eagles*.

Edward: Edward IV., king of England, who became king in 1461, during the Wars of the Roses. He owed much of his success to Warwick, the King-maker, with whom he quarrelled in the first instance over his marriage to Elizabeth Woodville, Warwick wishing him to marry the Lady Bona, sister-in-law of the French king, Louis XI.

eekes: *increases*.

een: *eyes*.

eftsoons: *forthwith*.

Eildon's triple height: the Eildon Hills.

eke: *also*.

eldritch: *ghostly, frightful*.

Eloisa: *see Abelard*.

Elysian: from or belonging to Elysium, in Greek mythology the place set apart for the residence of the blessed after death.

emblazed: *emblazoned*.

embodied: *assimiled* (Milton, line 144).

empyreal: *fiery, pertaining to elemental fire*.

enamelled: *variegated*.

ennui: *tedium*.

enorm: *enormous*.

Epicurus: a famous Greek philosopher (341-270 B.C.). He taught that pleasure was the chief good and founded the philosophic sect called after him Epicureans.

epopée: *epic poem*.

eremite: *hermit*, used by Keats in the sense of *devotee*.

Eros: the god of love.

Ettrick Shepherd: James Hogg, the poet.

Eugens Prince Eugene of Savoy was one of the most distinguished soldiers of his day. He commanded the Austrian troops in the War of the Spanish Succession and helped Marlborough to win the battles of Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet.

enghen made of yere

Euripides (480-406 B.C.) the latest of the three great Greek tragedians. He was a native of Athens.

express call (Milton, line 242)

expressive of expression.

exquisitest most carefully sought out

fall turf

Fairfax Edward Fairfax (d. 1635) published in 1600 a translation of Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata (Jerusalem Delivered).

fame report.

fantastic whimsical, capricious (Milton, line 430) **grotesque** (Gray, line 220).

Fauns sylvan deities worshipped by the Romans and by them identified with the Greek Satyrs. They were represented with short horns, pointed ears, tails and goats' feet.

fearful full of fear, afraid timor osus

featly dexterously gracefully

Fez a city in Morocco.

Flecknoe an inferior poet who had once been a Roman Catholic priest and who died at an advanced age in 1673. In *Mar Flecknoe* Dryden represents him as resigning the throne of dulness in favour of Hudibras.

Flora the goddess of flowers.

fitting scolding

fon a foot

fond foolish

fondly foolishly

Fontarabbia a strong fortress on

the Bay of Biscay, south of Biarritz. (See Charlemagne) **for because.** "What is he for a lad?" (SPEAKER, line 17) = "What sort of a lad is he?"

forcing trying attempting

for swatt worn out with heat

for swone worn out with toil

freaked variegated, spoiled.

frenne [O E. frende] stranger

Froissart a French poet and historian of the fourteenth century, whose most famous work is his *Chronicles* covering the reigns of Edward III and Richard II.

gaed went

Gahles the Sea of Galilee in Palestine, also known as the Lake of Gennesaret and the Sea of Tiberias.

Galileo (1564-1642) a famous Italian mathematician and astronomer. He was tortured by the Inquisition because his scientific discoveries were said to be opposed to Scripture and died wretchedly, after recanting.

galingale a species of sedge with an aromatic root.

gan begin

gang go

Ganymed the cup bearer of Jupiter

garre to curse

Garrick David Garrick (1717-1779), a famous actor was the pupil and friend of Dr Johnson. He was also a member of the literary and artistic circle of which Johnson was the most prominent figure, and which included Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Edmund Burke.

genit spiritu

gentle sole

ghost spirit

glebo [Latin *gleba*, a sod, the soil]

soil

glitterand glittering

gloures glory

glower stare

Goethe : the famous German poet and prose writer (1749-1832), author of *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*.

golden : *precious*.

goud : *gold*.

Graces : the Three Graces (Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne) were in Greek mythology personifications of grace, gentleness, and beauty who attended upon Venus. They are usually represented as daughters of Zeus.

grail : [O Fr. *graal*, *greal*, a flat dish] the Holy Dish at the Last Supper. The word was long supposed to be from *sang real*, royal blood, which was strangely taken to mean "Real Blood," i.e. that of Christ; hence the allusion in Tennyson, line 235.

gramercy : an exclamation of gratitude, corrupted from Old Fr. *grant merci*, "great thanks."

Grassmarket : a street in Edinburgh

gree : *victory*; "bear the gree" = "win the victory."

Greece : the Grecian empire founded by Alexander the Great fell to pieces after his death (323 B.C.).

greet : *to weep*

grisamber : ambergris or grey amber; it was formerly used a good deal in cookery.

groat : a fourpenny piece

grot : a reference to the famous artificial grotto in Pope's garden at Twickenham

Gude Town - Edinburgh

Guenevere, Guinevere : the wife of the king in Malory's *Morte Darthur*. She betrayed him, and gave her love to the noblest of his knights, Sir Lancelot

guess : *to surmize, conjecture*. This use of *guess* is now considered an Americanism, but has the authorities of many English writers and is found even in Chaucer.

gules : the name given in heraldic language to the colour crimson

gullies : *knives*.

Hampden : John Hampden (1594-1643) is famous in English history for his resistance to the tax known as Ship money, imposed by Charles I. Hampden was one of the leaders of the popular party in the Long Parliament and was killed at Chalgrove Field in 1643.

Happy Isles : fabulous islands in the Western Ocean believed by the ancients to be the abode of the blessed. By some they have been identified with the Canary Isles

Harley : Robert Harley, a minister of Anne; a French adventurer named Guiscard tried to assassinate him in 1711.

haughty [Latin *altus*] *high, lofty*.

hause bane . neck bone.

haveour : *behaviour*.

hearse : [Latin *herpex*, a harrow] tomb (Brown, line 1), and perhaps coffin (Milton, line 566). The word originally meant a harrow, then a triangular frame for holding lights at a church service, especially at a funeral, and afterwards almost anything connected with a funeral

hear'st (thou rather) : *doest thou prefer to be called*

heaume : helmet.

Hebe : in Greek mythology the cup bearer of the Gods

Helen : the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, and the most beautiful woman in the world. It was on her account that the Trojan War was fought See Troy.

Helicon : properly a mountain in Boeotia, in Greece, sacred to the Muses, on the slopes of which are the famous fountains Aganippe and Hippocrene (*q.v.*) Spenser, following Chaucer and other early poets, makes Helicon a well.

Henry Henry VI, King of England 1422-1461 He was dethroned by Edward Duke of York in the Wars of the Roses, but was temporarily restored by Warwick in 1470 He was again dethroned in 1471, and was murdered in the Tower a few weeks later

Hesperides the three daughters of Hesperus, the Evening Star, they guarded the golden apples which it was one of the labours of Hercules to obtain.

hether buker

Heywood Thomas Heywood, a dramatist and actor of the early seventeenth century Dryden's contemptuous reference to him is unjust

hing hang

Hippocrene a fountain near Mount Helicon sacred to the Muses.
See Pegasus Helicon

hock carts the last carts home from the harvest field

hoddin a kind of coarse woollen cloth

holm an evergreen oak

holt a wood or woody hill

Horace Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65-8 B.C.), the greatest lyric and satiric poet of Rome He was the close friend of Maecenas the minister of the Emperor Augustus and Maecenas gave him a farm among the Sabine Hills

horrid [Latin *horridus*] rough shaggy] *brushing, flashing*

hurcheon *hedgehog*

Hyades a group of seven stars in the head of the constellation Taurus

Hyde Edward Hyde Earl of Clarendon Lord Chancellor 1660-1667, he fell into disgrace and was banished in 1667

Hylas a beautiful youth who is represented in Greek mythology as drawing water for Hercules

Hyperion *the sun*, Hyperion, according to Greek mythology, was

one of the Titans, the sons of Heaven and Earth, who first rebelled under Kronos (Saturn) against their father and deposed him but were afterward defeated and crushed by Zeus the son of Kronos. Gray, following other English poets incorrectly pronounces "Hyper I-on," not "Hyper ion."

Ida a mountain range of Asia Minor in Phrygia and Lydia The city of Troy was situated at the base of this range There is another Mount Ida in Crete, where the god Zeus was supposed to have been brought up

Idaliz also called Idalum, a mountain city in Cyprus, sacred to Venus

Illissus a small river in Greece, which flowed past Athens

Ilium see Troy

ilk or *ilk* each, every
intrenched *surroiced, cut*

in utramque paratus prepared for either event

invest [Latin *investire*, lit. to clothe cover] surround, enwrap

Islands of the Blest imaginary islands supposed by the ancients to exist in the Western Atlantic

Ivy a village and plain in the Department of Lure in France. Here in 1590 Henry of Navarre (Henry IV of France) defeated the army of the League [see League] thus securing his own succession to the crown of France

jape hood properly *cope*
jonusted tilted or engaged in tournament

keel to cool

keeping care

Kellys Hugh Kelly, a playwright contemporary with Goldsmith and Garrick.

- ken : *to know.*
- Kesar : [Caesar] emperor.
- Killigrew : Anne Killigrew (1660-1685), maid of honour to the Duchess of York and a poetess in a small way.
- kirtle : [O.E. *cyrtel*, a tunic] a kind of gown or petticoat.
- Kubla Khan : Grand Khan of the Mongols and Emperor of China. He was a powerful Prince and extended his sway over most of Asia, and even as far as Hungary in Europe.
- Kyd : Thomas Kyd was an Elizabethan dramatist who wrote between 1583 and 1595.
- ladies of the lake : *nymphs.*
- Latium : a district of ancient Italy lying south of the Tiber. Rome was its chief town.
- Latona : in Greek mythology the mother of Apollo and Diana.
- Laud : Archbishop Laud was executed in 1645.
- Launcelot, Pelleas, and Pellenore : Knights of King Arthur's "Table Round." See Guenevere.
- laureate : *decked with laurel* (Milton, line 566); *made of laurel* (Milton, line 603).
- League, the : the Holy League, a Catholic association formed in 1576 by the Duke of Guise with the object of putting down Protestantism in France.
- leasing : *lying, falsehood.*
- Lebanon : a range of mountains in Syria, once famous for the huge forests of cedar which grew on their slopes.
- letter'd : *scholarly.*
- lewdry : *foolishly.*
- limitour : a friar licensed to beg in a certain limited district.
- limn : [O.Fr. *enluminer*, to illuminate, Latin *illuminare*] to paint.
- lin(n) : *waterfall, cascade.*
- Lintot : Pope's publisher.
- list : [M.E. *lusten* from O.E. *lustan*, impersonal verb = to desire] *to please.*
- lively : *life-giving.*
- lode : layd on lode, *laid on heavy blow.*
- loft : (*aloft*) *exalted.*
- Logres : Britain.
- Longinus : a distinguished Greek philosopher and grammarian of the third century A.D.
- lotus-eaters : a people who ate the fruit of the lotus, which made one forget one's home. Tennyson's poem describes the visit to their land of Ulysses and his ships.
- Lu : Loo, a game at cards.
- Lucan : Marcus Annaeus Lucanus (39-65), a Roman poet. Having been concerned in a plot against the Emperor Nero, Lucan was ordered to kill himself. He did so by having his veins opened and bleeding to death in his bath, and recited while dying an appropriate passage from one of his poems.
- Lucrine bay : a lake near the coast of Campania in Italy, and noted for its shell-fish.
- lust : *pleasure.*
- Lydian measures : one of the three moods or measures in music recognised by the Greeks. It was soft and enervating. See Doric.
- Lydiat : a theologian and mathematician who underwent great sufferings for his devotion to the royal cause during the Civil War of Charles I.'s reign. He died in 1646.
- Lyones : an old name of Cornwall.
- madding : *foolish* (Spenser, line 25).
- madrigal : *a pastoral song.*
- Maeander : a river of Asia Minor famous for its numerous windings.
- Maeonides : *native of Maeonia* (i.e. Lydia); a name applied to Homer.

make to compose poetry

mandrake [Lat. *mandragora*] a narcotic plant, round which many superstitions have gathered. Its root is supposed to resemble a human form.

Manille in Ombre the deno^t of trumps in a black suit the seven of trumps in a red suit.

manna dew manna the food divinely supplied to the Israelites in the Arabian desert. When the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it, Numbers xi. 9

Marathon a village in Attica in the neighbourhood of which a small Athenian army inflicted a memorable defeat on a great Persian force (490 B.C.)

margent a variant form of *margyn*. **Marlborough** John Churchill Duke of Marlborough was the greatest general of his time. He commanded the allied forces against France during most of the War of the Spanish Succession (1702-1713) winning victories at Blenheim (1704) Ramillies (1706) Oudenarde (1708) and Malplaquet (1709). In 1711 Marlborough was deprived of his offices on a charge of embezzlement of public money but was restored to his position in 1714 on the accession of George I. He died in 1722.

Marlowe Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593) was the greatest of our dramatists before Shakespeare. He is specially noted for his reform of blank verse.

marrows *companions associates*.

Mars the Roman god of war.

master bias *ruling passion or inclination*.

Matadores the chief cards in the game of Ombre described by Pope.

matkin a hare.

mann must.

Mayenne the Duke of Mayenne, the head of the house of Guise. He commanded the army of the League at the battle of Ivry (1590).

Medea daughter of a king of Colchis, a district in Asia east of the Black Sea. She was skilled in magic and helped Jason to win the Golden Fleece. Her chariot was drawn by dragons.

medley mingled mixed

mekle great

Melrose Abbey a famous Cistercian abbey founded in 1138 by King David I of Scotland. Melrose is in Roxburghshire.

menaging managing guiding

Menelaus see Helen and Troy

Mexique Bay the Gulf of Mexico.

middle waste i.e. the middle of the waste

Mincio a tributary of the Po, formerly called the Mincius. It joins the Po not far from Mantua, where Vergil was born.

Mint a place in which debtors took shelter from their creditors no more mort

momently from moment to moment every moment

Mons Meg an ancient piece of artillery of great size for the age in which it was constructed. The piece is still preserved in Edinburgh Castle.

Montalban a castle in Languedoc in the south of France frequently mentioned in legends relating to Charlemagne.

Montrose the Marquis of Montrose (see p. 91).

moraliz'd made moral Much of Pope's verse is didactic.

Morphean amulet charm that lulls to sleep. Morpheus was the god of sleep.

mouthy ranting affected

Muezzin an officer attached to a Mohammedan mosque, who announced the hours of prayer.

mused : bemused, overcome with liquor.

Muses: the Nine Muses who presided over the various branches of the arts of music, poetry, astronomy, and dancing. According to one legend they were daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne. As they were first honoured among the Thracians, Pieria, near Olympus in Thessaly, the original seat of that people, came to be regarded as the native land of the Muses; hence they were called *Pierides*.

na: not.

Naiades: in Greek mythology nymphs of lakes and fountains.

Naishápúr: a town in Persia, and the birthplace of the Persian poet Omar Khayám.

Namancos: was a town of Spain in Galicia, near Cape Finisterre.

Narcissus: a beautiful youth for whose love Echo pined away till only her voice was left. He fell violently in love with himself on seeing his image in a fountain, and wasted away until he was changed into the flower that bears his name.

Nelson and the North: in 1800 Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, acting under the influence of Napoleon Bonaparte, formed an Armed Neutrality, a measure directed against England. A fleet was despatched to the Baltic in 1801 under Sir Hyde Parker with Nelson as second in command, and after a desperate struggle with the Danish fleet and land batteries in Copenhagen Roads a great victory was won by the English, mainly through the brilliant tactics of Nelson.

Nestor: an aged Greek hero who fought at Troy. He was famous as an orator and wise adviser.

ANTH.

nether: lower.

nice: scrupulously exact (Shakespeare, line 65); fastidious (Goldsmith, line 66).

Nine: the "fair nine" are the Nine Muses.

Niobe: in Greek mythology wife of Amphion, King of Thebes, and mother of six sons and six daughters. She despised Latona (*q.v.*) who had only two children, and in punishment her children were slain by Apollo and Diana, and she herself was turned into stone on Mount Sipylus, in Lydia, whence tears were supposed to flow every summer.

nostrum: a quack medicine [literally "our own"].

numerous: written in harmonious numbers, i.e. verses.

observed: obeyed.

officious: dutiful.

Opdam: a distinguished Dutch admiral who fought against the English in the Dutch wars of Charles II.'s reign.

orient: [Latin *oriente*, rising] resembling the dawn in brightness, hence bright, shining (Carew, line 3), lustrous (Milton, line 116), eastern (Cowper, line 27).

Ormus: a town on an island near the entrance of the Persian Gulf, once famous as a mart for jewels and pearls.

Orphean (lyre): the lyre of Orpheus, a poet and musician who, according to Greek mythology, moved inanimate objects by his music. According to legend Orpheus descended to Hades after the death of his wife Eurydice, and by his music induced Pluto, the god of the Lower World, to allow her to return to the Upper World. Contrary, however, to Pluto's injunction, Orpheus looked back before his wife had reached the

light of day, and was therefore again deprived of her overthrowe defeat

Pacuvius a native of Brundusium (Brindisi), was the earliest of the Roman tragedians. He lived from about 230 to 132 B.C.

pairtak partide

pale palenes

Pam the Knave of Clubs in the game of Cribbe

Pan a divinity who, in Greek mythology, presided over forests, pastures and flocks. In *The Shepherd's Calendar* Pan represents Henry VIII

parley consercation

Parnasse Parnassus a mountain in Phocis in Greece sacred to Apollo and the Muses

Parthenope Naples Parthenope was one of the Sirens and drowned herself for love of Ulysses. She was thrown up by the sea on the shore where Naples afterwards stood, hence that place was originally called by her name. The Sirens were birds with the faces of virgins and dwelt on the south coast of Italy, where by their singing they enticed passing mariners ashore and then killed them

parts qualities

passion compassion

pastoral a work of art of which the subject is rural

pawnce jynny

paynims payans

peaked pointed, a reference to the shoes with long pointed toes fashionable in the Tudor Age

peers equals

Pegasus in Greek mythology a winged horse which sprang from the blood of the Gorgon Medusa when she was slain by Belle rophon Poets make him the

horse of the Muses, because by a kick of his hoof he caused the fountain of Hippocrene to spring up. See Helicon. Byron in *Don Juan* plays on Wordsworth's poem of The Waggoner

Peleus a Greek hero, the father of Achilles. See Achilles.

Pelion a mountain in Thessaly Chiron the centaur lived in a cave near its summit.

pelt to throw about opprobrious epithets.

Peter Bell a long and unsuccessful poem by Wordsworth

Petrarch Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374) was the greatest lyric poet of Italy. His best work is to be found in his *Cumsoniere*, of which many are in sonnet form, and almost all are inspired by his unrequited love for Laura, a lady of Avignon

phials of wrath a reference to Revelations xv 7

Philip King of Macedon (359-336 B.C.) and father of Alexander the Great

Philomel, Philomela the nightingale Arnold's poem refers to a Greek legend Tereus, King of the Thracians in Daulis, near the Cephissus, in Phocis, married Procne, but falling in love with her sister Philomela, dishonoured her and cut out her tongue that she might not tell the tale to Procne. Philomela, however, wove the words into a piece of tapestry. In the end all three were changed into birds—Philomela into a nightingale. An old after the usual version by making Procne dumb

Phineus King of Salmydessus in Thrace. He possessed the gift of prophecy, but was struck blind for having deprived his sons of their eyesight.

Phlegra: the peninsula of Pallene in Macedonia where the Giants warred on the gods.

Phœbe: *the Moon.*

Phœbus: a name given to Apollo as the sun-god.

phœnix: a fabulous Arabian bird said to exist single for five hundred years, and to rise again from its own ashes.

Phthia: a city in Thessaly, in which Achilles lived.

Piemontese: the troops of Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, who persecuted the Vaudois or Waldenses (a religious sect who dwelt chiefly in the valleys of the Cottian Alps) because of their religion.

piety: the duty or affection which a child owes to its parent (Wordsworth, line 9).

Pindar: the chief lyric poet of Greece (?522-443 B.C.).

pinn'd: *sciz'd.*

pioneer: pioneer, a term especially applied to sappers and miners.

pious (drops): [Latin *pius*, dutiful] tears proceeding from a sense of affection or duty.

plaine: *absolutely.*

Plautus: Titus Maccius Plautus (c. 250-184 B.C.), the most distinguished comic dramatist of Rome.

Plato: in Greek mythology the god of the lower world.

Poitiers: a town in Poitou in France, near which the Black Prince with a small force defeated a great French army in 1356.

Pontus: the Euxine or Black Sea, famous for fish.

possess: *influenced, inspired.*

purse-thread: thread or string that tied the mouth of a purse.

pow: *head, poll.*

precincts: [Latin *praecinctum*, a boundary] bounds, limits.

prev'e: *to prove, experience.*

prevent: *anticipate.*

Priam: *see Troy.*

proof: *trial* (Spenser, line 185).

Proserpine: the wife of Pluto (q.v.) and queen of the lower world.

Protestant: [Latin *protestari*, to bear witness] one who bears witness to the beauty of his mistress.

Proteus: in Greek mythology "the old man of the sea" who tended the seals of Neptune. He was supposed to be endowed with the gift of prophecy, but, being unwilling to exercise it, he invariably tried to escape by changing his shape and appearance.

prove: *to experience, feel.*

Provencal: belonging to Provence, a district of the south of France, once famous for poets and musicians.

provoke: [Latin *provoco*, I call forth or out] *rall forth.*

prunella: a stuff of which clergymen's gowns were often made in Pope's time.

Psyche: a nymph beloved by Cupid.

pugging: *thierish.*

puissant: *powerful*: a common word in Elizabethan literature.

purchase: *obtain, acquire.*

pursled: [O.Fr. *pouslier*: pour, for, and *fil*, a thread] *fringed, embroidered.*

purslane: a herbaceous plant.

put up: *put up with, endure.*

Pyrrhic Dance: a famous war-dance of the ancient Greeks.

Pyrrhic phalanx: Pyrrhus was King of Epirus (318-272 B.C.). He, like Alexander the Great, achieved many notable victories in battle by the use of the formation known as the phalanx.

qua cursum ventus: (*sc. vocabat*), *whither the wind (directed) our course* (Vergil, *Aeneid*, III. 269).

quaint pretty, fanciful (Milton, line 534), *obsl.* curious, fanciful (Vaughan, line 44)

quean literally a woman, but used slightly

quick alive

qui laborat, orat he who works
 pays

quip a smart or cutting saying
quit pay off

rack [M E *rak* Icel. *sal*, drift]
 light vapoury clouds, 'night
 rack' = "dark drifting clouds"

rair roar

ramping raging

Raphael faced having a face like
 a cherub in a picture; *Raphael*
rapt carried away transported
 in delight, inspired

rathe [O Fr. *ra*, early] early

recollecting collecting again

records call to mind

recorders flutes pipes

redounding [O Fr *redoumber*, Lat.
 redundare] swelling up again,
 overflowing

refrain refrain from entering

reliquary a reliquary room is a
 room that is like a casket for
 holding reliques

relish *avor taste*

rent roll roll or account of rents

requiem a hymn sung for the souls
 of the dead

requiescat may he (or she) rest
 that is rest in peace

retro me, Sathan get thee
 behind me, Satan! (Luke 11
 8)

Riou Captain Riou commanded the
 Amazon Frigate in the Battle
 of the Baltic. He greatly distin-
 guished himself by his bravery
 and skill, but was killed in the
 fight.

Fochelle La Rochelle a sea port
 of Languedoc long the stronghold
 of the French Protestants (Huguenots). In 1673 it successfully

withstood a determined siege by
 the royal forces under the Duke
 of Anjou

Rogers Samuel Rogers (1761-1855)
wrote *The Pleasures of Memory*
and other poems.

rosemary Ophelia says (*Hamlet*,
IV v 158), "There's rosemary,
that's for remembrance"

round a reference to the practice
of drinking each in turn.

rout [Fr *route*, from Lat. *rupta*]
company crowd

Rüdesheimer a white Rhine wine

Russell Lord William Russell a
Whig leader of Charles II's reign,
who was in 1683 on very slender
evidence condemned to death and
executed for complicity in the
Rye House Plot. See Sidney

ruth [O E *hrēo*, grief] pity,
sorrow

St David David I of Scotland,
who won for himself the reputa-
tion of sanctity by founding and
endowing liberally a number of
monasteries, including Melrose
Abbey

Saint Geneviève see Paris, of
which town saint Geneviève was
the patron saint

Salamis an island off the coast of
Attica in Greece memorable for
the great naval battle fought by
the Greeks and Persians (480 B.C.)
in the narrow strait between the
island and the mainland. The
Persians were completely de-
feated

salvage wild, savage

salve cure, remedy

Samarcand a city in Western
Turkestan

sanguine blood red

Sappho a famous Greek poetess,
who invented the measure called
after her the Sapphic stanza.
She flourished about the end of
the seventh century B.C.

Satyrs: forest deities in Greek mythology, half human and half animal in appearance, and generally represented as following the god Dionysus (Bacchus). *See Fauns.*

said: i.e. *assayed, tried.*

scaur: *a jutting cliff.*

Scian: *of Scio*, the Italian name for Chios, an island in the Aegean Sea, and one of the places claiming to be the birthplace of Homer.

scudding: *running swiftly, shooting along with haste.*

scutcheon, shielded: a shield bearing a coat of arms; here represented in glass and forming part of a window.

sdeined: [Ital. *sdegnare*] *disdained.*

secular: *temporal.*

Selinis: probably Selinus, a town in S.W. Sicily.

selle: *saddle.*

Semele: daughter of Cadmus, King of Thebes, and mother of Dionysus (Bacchus).

semi-cope: an outer garment worn by some medieval monks.

sequestered: [Low Latin *sequestrare*, to lay aside or surrender; of doubtful origin] *retired, secluded.*

sere: *dry, withered.*

sew: *pursue, follow.*

Shadwell: Thomas Shadwell was a poet and playwright of mediocre ability, a contemporary and enemy of Dryden, by whom he was satirised in *MacFlecknoe*.

shaw: *a wooded dell.*

shell: *the lyre*, which was originally made of a tortoise-shell.

shent: *blamed,*

Sicilian Muse: the Muse of pastoral poetry. Theocritus, the first writer of *Pastorals*, was born at Syracuse in Sicily. Milton identifies the Muse with the nymph Arethusa who gave her name to the fountain Arethusa in the

island of Ortygia near Syracuse.
See Alpheus.

Sidney: Sir Philip Sidney, the poet and prose-writer, who was killed at the Battle of Zutphen (1586). The story of his treatment of a wounded soldier when he was himself at the point of death is well known.

Sidney's matchless shade: Algernon Sidney, author of a treatise on Government and a man of strong republican principles, took the side of the Parliament in the Great Civil War (1642-8), and was named one of the Commissioners for the trial of King Charles I., though he did not take part in the trial. In 1683 he was executed for alleged complicity in the Rye House Plot to assassinate Charles II. There was no real evidence of his guilt.

silly: *innocent.*

Simois: a river near Troy.

slee: *sly.*

slights: *cunning devices.*

smiddie: *smilky.*

snacks: *shares.*

solan: i.e. the solan-goose, the sea-gannet.

Solferino: a village of northern Italy, not far from Mantua. Here the Austrians were defeated by the French and Sardinians in 1859.

soote: *sweetly.*

soother: *softer, smoother.*

Sophocles: the second in point of time of the three great Greek tragedians. He was a native of Colonus in Attica, and lived from 495 to 405 B.C.

sops in wine: a kind of carnation.

Southeote: Johanna Southeott (1750-1814) was a religious impostor who announced that on October 19th, 1814, she would become the mother of a second Shiloh or Prince of Peace. She found many to believe in her,

though the expected birth did not occur. She died in a trance on December 27th in the same year, and her followers long believed that she would rise again.

Spadillo the ace of spades at Ombre.

spangled show *the stars*

spars *riflers*.

Spartan Sparta was a town of Peloponnesus, the inhabitants of which were noted for their great bravery and endurance in war. They were long the most powerful state in ancient Greece.

Spenser Edmund Spenser the author of *The Faerie Queen* and *The Shepherd's Calendar*.

sphere lit. a ball or globe, used by poets to mean the visible supernal region, the upper air, the heavens. Also a term of astronomy in the Ptolemaic system.

sphere-descended descended from heaven.

Sporus John Lord Hervey, with whom Pope had a violent quarrel.

sprights spirits courage.

Stagirite the Aristotle, born at Stageira in Macedonia.

starns stars.

starte started, broken away.

starve die.

still ever, alway.

still [short for *dustil*, from O F. *distiller*, from Latin *distillare*] to trickle down.

stithes [M. E. *stūh*, from Icelandic *stethi*] anvil.

stole a robe.

storied having an inscription relating a story or history (Gray, line 164).

store due.

studie an anvil.

study desire.

Stygian Pool Hell, so called by Milton from the river Styx which was supposed by the ancients to encircle the infernal regions.

sublime lifted up exalted. "He that rode sublime" (Gray, line 90) = Milton.

successful hope hope of success.

taffusion a medical term used in Milton's day to denote imperfection or loss of sight caused by cataract or disease of the nervous structure of the eye.

supersensual beyond the senses.

supplanted overthrown.

surcease to cease.

swain a servant (Peele, line 14), a peasant (Marlowe, line 42).

swart [O. E. *swart* black] dark. The 'swart star' (Milton line 53) is Sirius, the Dog Star, which brings heat and makes the flowers dark.

swound swoon.

Sydnaean the allusion is to Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) and the charm of his conversation. See Sidney.

sylvan belonging to the wood.

Syrinx a nymph beloved by Pan, and changed into a reed. Under this name Spenser, in *The Shepherd's Calendar*, represents Queen Anne Boleyn wife of Henry VIII and mother of Queen Elizabeth.

taffata a thin silk.

Tancred Tancred, in Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, entered an enchanted Wood, where the rustling of the branches resembled human sighs. He struck one of the trees with his sword whereon blood gushed out and a woman's voice reproached him for his cruelty (canto 13, stanza 41).

tane one.

Tasso Torquato Tasso (1544-1590) was a great Italian epic poet and the author of *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

tawdrie lace a girdle bought at the fair of St. Audrey (a corruption of Etheldreda).

Teian (Muse): the Greek poet Anacreon (*q.v.*), who was born at Teos, a town of Ionia, in Asia Minor.

Tempe: a valley or mountain gorge in Thessaly in Greece, between the mountains Olympus and Ossa. It was supposed to be a favourite resort of the god Apollo.

Templars: members of the Inns of Courts. When Addison's *Cato* was produced his friend Steele filled the pit with friendly listeners from the Inns of Courts.

tenor: [Latin *tenor*, a holding-on, a course] *continuous course*.

Terence: Publius Terentius Afer (185-159), one of the chief comic dramatists of Rome.

Thamyris: a Thracian bard, mentioned by Homer. He was deprived of his sight for boasting that he could surpass the Muses in song.

Theban eagle: Pindar, the greatest lyric poet of Greece, was a native of Thebes (*q.v.*).

Thebes: the chief town of Boeotia in Greece. Milton alludes to the celebrated expedition of the Seven against Thebes.

theek: *thatch*.

Thermopylae: a famous pass between Thessaly and Locris, and the only way by which an invading army could enter Greece from the north. The pass is memorable for the gallant defence made by Leonidas and his 300 Spartans against the host of Xerxes (480 B.C.).

Thracia: Thrace, a district to the north-east of ancient Greece, corresponding to the modern Roumelia. It was supposed by the Greeks to be the home of Ares (Mars), the god of war.

thunder-stone: *thunder-bolt*.

Timotheus: a musician of Boeotia in Greece and a favourite of Alexander the Great.

tinct: *tinged*.

Tiresias: a blind prophet of Thebes, who figures very prominently in the Greek dramas and legends.

Titus: a Roman emperor (79-81), who sighed because he had "lost a day."

Tityrus: the name of a shepherd in Vergil's *Elegies*.

toilet: *toilet-table*.

toll-man: the man who collected toll at a toll-gate.

topless: overtopped by no others.

Townsend: Mr. Thomas Townsend, a politician of Goldsmith's day, M.P. for Whitchurch, and afterwards Lord Sydney.

Trafalgar: a cape in the south of Spain, near which, in 1805, Nelson won a victory over the combined French and Spanish fleets. Nelson was killed, and most of the prizes were wrecked by a storm which came on after the battle.

trammels: *trappings*.

traverse: *across*.

Trebisond: in Pontus in Asia Minor, the ancient Trapezus.

triple Tyrant: the Pope, so called by Milton because of his triple tiara.

Triton: in Greek mythology the son of Poseidon (Neptune) and Amphitrite. He usually figures as an attendant on his father, blowing a shell-trumpet—"his wreathed horn"—to soothe the waves.

Troy: or Ilium, was a city in Phrygia in Asia Minor. The famous siege of Troy, made by Homer the subject of his *Iliad*, was undertaken by the Greeks to recover Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta in Greece, who had been carried off by Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. The siege lasted ten years, and the town was then taken by stratagem.

tryst: *appointment*; "had set tryst" = had made an appointment.

turfs green sods of earth
Twitnam Twickenham, where Pope
 went to live in 1717

Ulysses one of the Greek heroes
 who fought at Troy. He was
 famous for his wisdom in council
 and is supposed to have invented
 the stratagem by which Troy was
 captured

uncouth [O E. *uncuð*, unknown]
strange odd

undight *disarranged unbound*

unfead *unfayed*

unhastie beast *slow beast*, i.e. the
 white ass on which Una rode

unsated *unsatiated*

Urania either (1) the Muse of
 Astronomy, or (2) the goddess
 Aphrodite Urania who repre-
 sented heavenly or spiritual love

urges *presses upon, besets*

Uther's son the ancient British
 king Arthur

utter [O E. *ut*, out] enter

vacant *idle*

van [Latin *vānus* a winnowing
 fan] *wing*. The word literally
 means a *fan*, *fan* and *fan* being
 doublets

varlet *low fellow rascal*

vaward *anguard*

Ver *spring* (Latin)

verdurous *verdant*

Vesper the evening star

vespers an evening office in the
 Catholic church hence *evening*
prayers

vest [Latin *vēstis* a garment] a
 covering the body's vest
 (Marvell, line 19) = the cover-
 ing afforded to the soul by the
 body

Viking a northern pirate one of
 the fierce northern seamen of whom
 many settled in England before
 the Conquest

Villiers George Villiers, Duke of
 Buckingham favourite minister

of Charles I, murdered by Felton
 in 1628

viol an antiquated musical instru-
 ment the precursor of the violin
 violent *obtained by violence*

Virgil the great epic poet of
 Rome, who lived between 70 and
 19 B.C. His chief work is the
Aeneid, but he wrote also the
Georgics and a number of *Elegies*.
 He was born near Mantua, and
 hence his poetry is described as
 ' Mantuan song'

vision of the guarded mount the
 Archangel Michael was supposed
 to have been occasionally seen
 seated on a crag forming a part of
 St Michael's Mount in Cornwall
 and known as ' Michael's Chair'

wad *would*

Wain *wagon* Charles's "Wain"
 — the constellation known to
 astronomers as Ursa Major or the
 Great bear. Byron in *Don Juan*
 plays on the literal meaning of
wain. Wordsworth wrote a poem
 called *The Waggoner*

wake [O E. *wacian* to wake
 watch] originally a parish festival
 held on the anniversary of the
 dedication of the church and kept
 by watching all night. Hence
 the term comes to be applied to
 certain annual merry makings

Warwick Richard Neville, Earl of
 Warwick nicknamed the King
 Maker was the mainstay of the
 Yorkist cause in the Wars of the
 Roses. After having largely con-
 tributed to the success of Edward
 IV Warwick quarrelled with
 that monarch and eventually went
 over to the side of the Lancas-
 trians (1470). He restored Henry
 VI in 1470, but was himself de-
 feated and killed at Barnet in
 1471

wassails [O E. *wes hal*, be whole,
 a form of wishing good health]

revels, or festive occasions where pledging of drinks takes place.

wattles: *hurdles*.

waukriſe: *wakeful*.

wayward sisters: the three Witches in *Macbeth*. In I. iii. 32 they speak of themselves as "wayward sisters," but most modern editors alter to "weird sisters."

weet: [O.E. *witan*] *know*.

Wentworth: Sir Thomas Wentworth, later Earl of Strafford, executed in 1641. Johnson calls his death a murder because he was sacrificed to political jealousies and to the King's dread of provoking the Commons.

West Port: a gate of Edinburgh.

whereas: *where*.

whiddin': [=whidding] *rumming*.

whimsies: *caprices, fancies*.

whist: *silenced*. "Kissed the wild waves whist" (SHAKESPEARE, line 187) = "when you have kissed the wild waves to silence," or the phrase may be absolute, "the wild waves being silent."

wiel: *a small whirlpool or eddy*.

wight: [O.E. *wiht*, a creature] a person.

wimple: *to meander*.

wist: *knew*.

Wittenberg: a town in Prussian Saxony on the Elbe. It was the cradle of the Reformation in Germany, and had once a famous

university now incorporated with that of Halle.

wolfsbane: *aconite*, a poisonous plant.

Wolsey: Cardinal Wolsey (d. 1530), the famous Chancellor of Henry VIII., ruined through his own injudicious haughtiness, the intrigues of Anne Boleyn's party, and the capriciousness of the King.

wood: [O.E. *wōd*] *mad*.

Woodfall: William Woodfall, printer of *The Morning Chronicle* in Goldsmith's time.

Worcester: on the Severn. Here in 1651 Cromwell gained a great victory over the Scots and the English Royalists, led by Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II.

wracks: wrecks.

y-blent: [y = O.E. *ge*] *blinded*.

y-fear: = *y-fere*.

y-fere: [M.E. *i-fere*] *together*.

y-torne: = *torn*.

zephyrs: west winds.

Zimri: Dryden's allegorical name for the Duke of Buckingham in *Absalom and Achitophel*. Buckingham was the son of James I.'s ill-fated favourite, and was for a time a prominent figure in Charles II.'s reign.

zone: *girdle*.